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ROSES AND LILIES.

BY RITA.

I love the roses; wherever they bloom
They glow like my lover's cheek,
And I drink the wine of their rich perfume
With a joy no tongue can speak.
Oh, beauty is theirs, never won by art—
My friends they must ever be,
But I love my love with a warmer heart—
For the roses can't love me.

I love the white lilies, modest and pale,
And kiss them often, I vow.
How can I help it?—they tell the same tale
That is told by love's white brow—
A purity perfect, spotless and rare,
That betters the eye to see.
But this love with that love cannot compare,
For the lilies can't love me.

When the time shall come, and my love says yes,
I shall own in one bouquet
Lilies and roses to kiss and to bless,
Throughout life's long summer day.
Ye sweet stores that start at fair Flora's call,
In gardens or on the sea,
Ye know not how beautiful ye are all—
My love knows, and still loves me.

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Mr. Eversleigh was gone, and indeed for the rest of that day, Daryl's curious and highly unpleasant humor towards me remained unchanged. I hardly knew how to interpret it or in what light to view it; it was in truth almost suggestive of—well, I cared not to imagine what. I chose rather to ascribe the mood to one of his manifold "ways," and kept my temper, I flattered myself, admirably under the sting of his provoking manner.

He had two "seltzer-and-brandies" before dinner; and, when the weary lodging-house maid-of-all-work toiled up from the unknown kitchen regions to spread the cloth for "luncheon," as Daryl called it—she having left the sitting-room door ajar, so that the sea-wind, rushing in at the open bay-window, blew his newspapers and society-journals into a wild confusion together—he swore at her volubly but quietly, smiling all the while. But it was only his lips that smiled—there was a darkling, savage light in his half-closed eyes.

Daryl ate his "luncheon" in silence, with a magazine open by his plate, alternately taking a mouthful and turning a page. The meal over, he lit one of those deliciously fragrant cigars that he had brought down with him from town—got, doubtless, from Herr von Rosenberg—and then dragged Isla by the arm to his knee. Like a shy small culprit in a pinafore she stood there, arraigned before her judge.

"And so you have been horribly dull, I suppose, Tupp'ny," said her father, "whilst I've been away—eh?"

"Yes—no, papa," said Isla, in the weakest of whispers.

"Come, speak up!" shouted Daryl, giving her a slight shake.

Isla, with drooping head, became dumb.

"Now I dare say you have had lots of rides in a goat-chaise—eh?" said Daryl more kindly. "Is that about it little 'un?"

"Yes, papa."

"And built castles in the air—I mean, upon the sands?"

"Yes, papa."

"And drove in a carriage to Shipgate, I'll wager anything; and to Low-stairs, and to Beachford, and to Tagwell Bay, and to——Well, dickens knows where we haven't been in a carriage with Mr. Eversleigh—always with Mr. Eversleigh—eh, Tupp'ny?"

"Yes, papa," said the child, brightening, reassured by a smile—a queer one though it was—from Daryl, and by the magic of the name that she knew and loved; "and we've been to the Dome by the Waves to hear Miss de Vere sing, and seen the wild beasts in the gardens, and the monkeys, and the big funny birds——"

"Oh, done all that, have you!" her father cut in. "Why, bless me, you can't have been so dull, then, after all?"

"No, papa."

"Humph—ah!" said Daryl, with a mock scowl at his little daughter. "You want looking after a bit, young woman, I can plainly see, when your father's away on business in London. I must lock you up next time I go—yes, I must—in a dark cupboard, Tupp'ny, and take the key in my pocket!"

As the child began to look pale and frightened, and Daryl feared that the tears were about to flow, he gave her a push and said airily—

"There, cut along with you—I'll forgive you this once; but mind and be a better girl next time—that's all!"

Just as Isla and I were about to sit down to our tea, Daryl with gray hat and silver-topped walking-stick, strolled into the sitting-room and gave out his intention of wandering, as he said, as far as the "Black Stag." He wanted a game at billiards or something; and perhaps Leigh Eversleigh had got back from Shipgate, said he.

I had not yet taken my seat in front of the small tray, but was standing at the open window, looking out at the sea. It was seven o'clock. One after another the lamps along the cliff were being lighted. Some one—a woman, with a mandolin—was singing under the windows of the Cliff Hotel. Thangate visitors, in smart apparel, were hastening off to the already crowded pier, that now stretched out into the tranquil sea a mere dim dark line dotted with colored lights, or were swarming down to the concert and dance at the popular Dome by the Waves.

A melancholy greenish hue rested upon the lovely still sea, with here and there a dead-gold gleam or a dull splash of wannest rose that had been left by the fading sun. And here and there, too, in the hazy sapphire distance a motionless yacht or steamer was faintly limned.

Daryl came to my side. He put his arm around my waist and brushed my cheek roughly with his moustache.

"So sorry, is she," said he jestingly—"so sorry that her true knight and master has returned? And yet—was she not?—she was moped to death without him!"

Steadily—perhaps not without contempt—I turned and met his dark and cruel smiling eyes; and, as I did so, with cool firm hands I loosened his fingers from about my waist.

"I don't understand you, Daryl," I said.

"We live and learn, Periwinkle," laughed he, odiously obscure.

"We do," was my brief reply.

As I spoke I moved coldly from him, and again stared—but not blindly, for my bosom was rising visibly, and tears, proud hot tears, had started to my eyes—out at the fast-darkening sea.

"Shall I bring Leigh back with me, if I see him Flower?"

"You may please yourself, Daryl."

"And you too, of course," said he jauntily.

Oh, how could he be so cruel to me—how could he find the heart to wound me so? What had I done to deserve it? I had not deserved it—no, I had not—I had not! Even that untranslatable smile of his was like a stab; and he knew it.

This time I vouchsafed no reply to his remark. I would not—nay, I could not; that is nearer to the truth. So my husband called out, "Ta-ta, Periwinkle!" and shut the door. I heard him laughing quietly to himself as he descended the stairs; and in that moment—Heaven forgive me!—I hated him.

It soon became apparent that the old days, or rather evenings, of the Chesterfield Avenue kind, in all their odious risk and perplexing nature, were to be revived here at our Thangate lodgings; and once more returned the old uneasiness, the old anxiety, when I perceived that this would inevitably be the case.

The bare sight of the cards seemed to smite my heart with a deadly chill; but I was utterly powerless to hinder the play. So well knowing Daryl's temper, I dared not interfere.

Nevertheless I felt as certain as I was of my own existence that evil, sooner or later, must come of this bad state of things. And the foreboding, alas, proved a true one!

It is no wonder that even now I cannot look back to those days in my life without a shrinking sense of acutest humiliation, of intolerable shame. Knowledge, when it did overtake me, was indeed terrible—terrible in the consequences that it brought in its train!

Somehow I never could endure to go to bed—though all Thangate save ourselves had long since gone thither—and to leave the two men sitting up together and playing into the small hours of a new day, with the siphons and the spirit-bottles upon the slab of the sideboard, and the littered cards—oftentimes dice—upon the oval table between them.

Leigh Eversleigh however was always himself—self-possessed, cool-headed, temperate. It was Daryl who waxed excitable and noisy, and who drank about three times as much as he ought.

Little piles of gold, on such evenings as these, very quickly seemed to accumulate at the elbows of the two men, and glittered in the gas-light from the chandelier above their heads. And sometimes I heard the crisp rustle of a bank-note; but for what amount I never saw.

I used to sit silently behind the curtains within the open bay-window, my arms upon the window-sill, my head in my hand, looking out with troubled eyes at the vast plain of water before me, upon which sometimes the moonbeams fell chilly and weirdly, and quivered for miles in a thin bright amber track across the restless bosom of the lone dark sea.

How awful, how divinely mysterious was that sea in its midnight loneliness! There was to me something appalling in its solemnity, in its great and utter solitude. What terrific force, what crushing strength, lay sleeping beneath the ripples of its cold quiet tide! And yet in some way it seemed to ease my heart, to soothe the vexed soul within me, to gaze thus out in the hushed darkness at the gentle but mighty sea, with the tremulous moonbeams and the chill salt breeze just lightly wrinkling the surface of it.

For I felt that God Himself was there; whilst in the gas-heated, spirit-smelling, card-tainted room behind me devils invisible might be holding high sway.

It is perhaps unnecessary to state that affairs of the evening here at our Thangate lodgings ended precisely as they used to end at Mrs. Ramage's house in Chesterfield Avenue, Mr. Eversleigh invariably—or nearly so—at pale dawn returning homeward to the "Black Stag" a poorer man than he had come up to the cliff. Nevertheless I have some pleasant memories associated with that visit of ours to Thangate. One's past is never all gloom.

With daylight and sunshine and vigorous breezes, my heart usually grew buoyant again, and all morbid dread and gnawing anxiety took flight.

Perhaps it was the splendid air of the place—the life-giving ozone that made old folk feel young, and young folk fancy that they could never grow old. Any way, in the daytime my fears were forgotten; and all thought of the future I put away resolutely. The present at any rate was bright and real—so I then believed; the past please Heaven, was done with for evermore. So it is that, when one is happy, one is too apt to lull oneself, as it were, in a mantle of false security.

CHAPTER XVII.

One morning—it was in the first week of September, I recollect—Mr. Eversleigh, Isla, and I were down upon the sands under the cliffs. The tide was far out, the slimy flat black rocks were bare. There was a stiff wind blowing from the north-west, and woolly clouds went racing over the somewhat cold blue sky. The dull-green waves in the distance were foam-capped and frolicsome; the soft white sea-birds wheeled above them. Now and again, with a curious plaining cry, they swept lightly and low through the salt spray, to ride at graceful ease upon the romping billows.

And so, as the pier was just now too breezy to be agreeable, we had sought the shelter of the rugged old cliffs.

Isla, with some other youngsters like herself, was industriously digging holes in the wet sand, her frock and petticoats pinned up conveniently, her wee pink feet bare. Mr. Eversleigh and I, our back to the towering chalk wall in the rear of us, were watching her operations from the higher and drier ground.

I had a book on my lap; but I was not reading. He was lying idle by my side. Daryl was playing billiards at the "Black Stag," and doubtless drinking much bottled beer meanwhile.

Suddenly the light in front of us was darkened, and a woman stood there upon the sands close to us—a thorough-born Sibyl if one ever walked the earth. Her wild eyes were as black as was her shining oily hair; her wrinkled face was of the color of the duskiest cocoa-nut; she had large gold rings—or rings that looked like gold—in her ears and upon her hands. She wore a brilliant red shawl tied around her in singular fashion, since at her back it served as a sort of hanging cradle for a baby as swart as herself. The child was asleep. Yet the woman could scarcely have been the mother of it—she was too old.

"Tell your fortune, pretty lady?" said the gipsy, in the whining, wheedling voice familiar to every one.

Instantly, so to put it, the sealed book of my past life was opened—full then and there apart at a well-remembered page. Involuntarily shrinking, I glanced upward at the fortune-teller, and said hurriedly—

"No, no, no; go away, please!" I laid an entreating hand upon Mr. Eversleigh's arm. "Don't let her stop—send her away!" I begged, in a voice that had grown nervous in spite of myself.

Leigh put his hand into his pocket. The gipsy's eyes glittered. An offensively fawning smile crept over her coffee-brown face.

"You are as beautiful, lady, as the flowers you favor and after which they christened you in your sweet innocent babyhood," said she glibly. "And as for the gallant handsome gentleman by your side—ah, believe the poor gipsy when she tells ye that he'd go through fire and water, my dear, to serve——"

"Make her go away, Mr. Eversleigh," I

broke in desperately—"please do!"

Leigh sprang to his feet. He thrust a half-crown into the Sibyl's ready claw.

"Be off!" said he sternly. "We want none of your gibberish here. Go, I say!"

Smiling, leering, curtseying as she pocketed the piece of silver, for one wavering moment she eyed the resolute speaker. But in him she could discern no shadow of relenting—nothing but a swift and an iron determination that would brook no thwarting when once he had spoken.

"The police are not far off," calmly remarked Leigh, as he sank down leisurely by my side again.

The fortune-teller kissed her brown hand to us, nodded with grinning insolence as she turned away, and then vanished, with the living bundle tied to her back, into the crowd that covered the sands.

"Then you don't believe in palmistry, Mrs. Darkwood?" Leigh said pleasantly, affecting not to have noticed my loss of composure, and interpreting in his own tactful fashion my shuddering aversion to the hag and her foolish trade. "You are not a bit superstitious, I perceive," laughed he.

"Nevertheless, I was absurd enough once—long ago—to have my—my fortune told," I said.

In the next instant I wished that I had not spoken, had not told him this; and my gaze wandered nervously away from Leigh.

"And did it come true?" he asked in an amused tone. Has any part of it ever come true?"

"Yes—no. I—I mean, I'm sure I forget. It is all so long ago—or seems so," I answered at random, wishing more than ever now that I had held my tongue.

I felt intensely vexed at my own stupidity. Yes, it had happened long ago; but as vividly as though I had heard it only the day before could I then recall every word of the strange prophecy spoken of my future by old Wyse the Wanderer in the quarry upon the northern moor.

"A fair man," so the Wanderer had told me, would come into my life; and here, at vulgar, matter-of-fact Thangate, was Leigh Eversleigh lounging under the cliffs at my side.

I tried to give a turn to the conversation, and directed Mr. Eversleigh's attention towards an Italian organ-man who had with him a sad-faced little monkey dressed in a garment of faded red and green. But the ideas of my companion appeared still to be running upon the dreadful gipsy and her fortune-telling.

"It is really astonishing," I heard him saying thoughtfully, as he picked up little pebbles from the cliff's jagged base and aimed them, with indifferent result, at some child's forgotten sand-castle a few yards off, "what clever shots—so to speak—those nomadic old prophetesses do sometimes make. Of course it is only occasionally that they succeed in hitting something like the truth; and of course it is nothing in the world but pure chance even then—everybody knows that. Still," ruminated Mr. Eversleigh aloud, "it is odd."

"You mean," I said, continuing to watch the pitiful antics of the marmoset, "that horrid woman's allusion with regard to my own name? It was odd, I admit. Fortune tellers—although no sane person ever has a grain of faith in their predictions—are uncanny folk, I think."

"I suspect, Mrs. Darkwood," observed Leigh, in the same light yet preoccupied manner, "that she guessed you to be a 'Violet' or a 'Lily' or a 'Rose' or a 'Hyacinth,' or a something of the kind equally commonplace and sentimental. I fancy it would have puzzled her—her dark gifts notwithstanding—to upon the right one; would it not?"

"Yes, indeed."

"After all, though, it would have been rather good fun to tackle her upon the subject," he smiled.

"She would never have guessed 'Periwinkle,'" said I, with a rather bitter laugh.

Mr. Eversleigh bestirred himself—he sat up.

"Mrs. Darkwood, you must not think me impertinent," he said more soberly, "but do you know that I should very much like to hear—I have so often wondered—who it was that first christened you 'Periwinkle?'"

"Daryl," I answered briefly.

I cared not to rake up the old dead trivial story of how the fanciful name had in the first instance been given to me. Those old past days, with their gladness and their gloom, their innocence and their horror were done with forever. Let them rest in their unhallowed grave.

Just then bare-footed Isla came trotting delicately over the sands towards us, and wanted her frock unpinned and her shoes and stockings put on.

She was quite tired—had had enough of paddling and digging holes; and more than anything else, she wanted her dinner. She was so hungry!

"But gracious, darling," cried I briskly, feeling almost feverishly grateful for the interruption to our tete-a-tete, which the appearance of the child beside us had now completely effected, "where are the cakes and the chocolate creams that Mr. Eversleigh bought for you in High street this morning?"

"All gone," whispered Isla, hanging her head.

"Thangate air," laughed Leigh, catching my darling to him, and himself beginning to put on Isla's stockings and shoes for her, just as Daryl, coming along the sands to find us, and swinging his stick as he came, cried out—having suddenly espied our whereabouts—

"By Jove, Leigh, old chap, you'll make an admirable family man by-and-by!"

"Do you think so?" inquired Leigh unmoved.

"'Yes, I think so!'" replied Daryl absurdly, quoting a then favorite catch-phrase from a certain popular extravaganza of the day. "But I say, you two," continued my husband with his careless laugh—"such a joke! What do you think? For the last half-hour or so I have been on the pier with the Ramage gang—Marc Gaveston and that young fool Loftus Tracy were there, and Binkworthy, the manager of the Levity, who, it seems, has run down for a few days to see how the fair Aurora is getting along at the Dome. As it was frightfully rough out yonder at the pier end, we took shelter in the pavilion, where the Viscount stood us "fizz' in the most liberal manner. It is a pity that he is bent upon making such a confounded ass of himself."

"How do you mean?" inquired Leigh coolly, without raising his eyes from a refractory top button of Isla's boot.

Mr. Eversleigh's hands were so big, and the buttons were so small, Isla seriously explained to her valet de chambre, "that's why he couldn't do it."

"He swears that he'll marry the girl," answered my husband with a shrug of the shoulders.

"And a man like Tracy might certainly do worse," rejoined Leigh calmly. "If he is in earnest, he can't do less."

"Well, it's no affair of mine," said Daryl, in his airy way. "He may marry the old mother herself if he pleases. But I was going to tell you. Mrs. Ramage gives a supper to-morrow night—that is after Miss de Vere has done her turn, as she calls it, at the Dome—and the old lady got me aside this morning and made me promise that I would bring you, Flower, to the festival, and my friend Mr. Eversleigh as well, added the old girl. It was deuced awkward, you know. She would hear of no refusal. She says she must do something in a small way to celebrate Miss de Vere's engagement, which is now, it appears, an open secret. There will be only Binkworthy, the Viscount, and young Gaveston as guests—and ourselves, of course—just a nice little family party, as Mrs. Ramage says."

"I—I don't think I'll go, Daryl, thank you," I observed gently.

"Not go! Why, pray?" he demanded brusquely.

"There is Isla, you see," I began; "and—and——"

"Oh, hang it all, Miss Piper can look after the youngster, can't she? I have promised for you, Flower, and you must accompany me. I don't care about going alone; and, what is more, Periwinkle, I am not going alone."

I said no more. As I have before recorded in this autobiography of mine, by this time I knew my lord and master thoroughly. It was easier to yield to him than to resist him. Experience had made me wise.

"You, Eversleigh, will make no fuss about it, I suppose?" said Daryl carelessly.

Leigh was half frowning, half smiling. But he plainly hesitated.

"Why, man alive," cried Daryl; "who cares a—a—a rap what one does here at Thangate? Anything for a change! Who knows? Who cares? You are not in Belgravia. I told Mrs. Ramage and the accomplished Aurora that, since I and my wife would be happy to assist at her party, you sooner or later would be safe to put in an appearance too. I felt quite certain, you see, that they might count upon you, old man."

"Oh, all right then," said Leigh, getting up quickly, and—having at last conquered his task—gathering Isla's hand into his own. "Perhaps I shall run against Mrs. Ramage between this and to-morrow evening; and then, Darkwood, if I should, I'll thank her on my own account. By-the-by," said he, changing the subject, "I got the phaeton and horses down from town this morning—it's time they had a little thorough exercise. What do you say"—looking from me to my husband—"to a drive to Canterbury and back this afternoon, and dinner afterwards at the 'Black Stag?'"

I smiled my gladness, my grateful assent; and Isla glanced shyly but very happily upward into Leigh's fair tanned face, because a pressure of the hand had assured her that she was not to be left behind.

"With all the pleasure in life, old fellow," Daryl answered, smiting his friend with vigor upon the shoulder—"that is, if you'll consent to come up to the Cliff now, and eat your luncheon with us. Will you?"

Leigh said that he would. And so, bending our heads to the strong sea-wind, we all went up to Miss Piper's house together.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT evening, after a delightful drive to Canterbury and back in Mr. Eversleigh's smart phaeton, followed by an excellent dinner at the celebrated "Black Stag," Leigh suggested to Daryl that they should have a cigar and a moonlight stroll upon the pier.

So, coffee finished, we left the hotel—first however taking Isla home to bed, for the child was dead tired with her long and happy day—and then bent our steps towards the iron turnstiles.

The wind had wholly gone down at sunset; the night was beautifully fair and calm. The tide was well in, but the waves were hushed; the sea was as smooth as a deep still river.

Lights far out—green, yellow, and glowing red—twinkled mysteriously upon invisible masts, and were reflected in dim and tremulous hues in the quiet dark mirror which lay beneath them.

Now and again one heard the splash of oars near to the black and ghostly network of the pier timbers, and from the dense cold shadow into the watery moonbeams a small boat would shoot forth jauntily, the adventuresome crew of it laughing, horse-playing, or shouting snatches of a rollicking song. What was the loveliness of a perfect night to them?

High overhead rode the tranquil pale moon, gazing down upon the noisy sea-girt scene; for the pier promenade was as usual thronged, the crowd was chattering like a vast flock of jays, the band was playing its liveliest, the tramp of feet was like the tramp of an army. A seat in the neighborhood of the lighted pavilion was not to be obtained, every available chair and corner or resting-space being occupied by early-comers.

So those, of course, who could find no seats were by circumstances compelled to keep upon the tramp.

No sooner did we gain the circular promenade than straightway we met the Ramage party. It was then half-past nine o'clock, and Miss de Vere's duties at the Dome by the Waves were now over. The Dome concert ended at nine; but the fun of the place in reality—a "ball" following—lasted, I believe, until eleven or midnight. The evening glories of the Dome by the Waves were known to me only by hearsay.

Mrs. Ramage, as was her wont, was respectfully effusive; Miss de Vere as genial and self-possessed as ever. The girl was nicely and becomingly dressed in a soft white gown with much lace about it and old-gold-colored ribbons; and she had on a high-shouldered tippet of otter's fur, being careful of her throat and chest. She wore perhaps too many narrow silver bangles that jingled incessantly; and I did not altogether like the small close-fitting diamond stars—diamonds unmistakably—that flashed and burned in her pretty ears. But doubtless the jewels were the gift of Viscount Tracy, and so Aurora wore them.

Then for the first time—on that clear moonlit night—I was introduced to Lord Tracy and to his friend Marc Gaveston, who had been standing a little apart in the background, with their crutch-sticks tapping their teeth. Off came their hats with the utmost courtesy; and I could perceive that neither of the two young men had the least idea that he had ever in his life before set eyes upon the wife of Daryl Darkwood.

I do not quite know how it came about, but presently we three women found ourselves abreast and walking on ahead, with the four men in pairs strolling with their tobacco in the rear of us. Such awkward divisions in a friendly group always somehow arrange themselves.

"I am happy to congratulate you, Miss de Vere," said I sincerely. "I believe I may do so now?"

"Yes, you may do so now, Mrs. Darkwook," replied the practical Aurora equably. "You see, I have learnt that it is always wisest to make sure of a good thing before you begin to brag about it, or I should have told you something with regard to Lord Tracy and his attentions to me at the theatre before you left home for Thangate."

In a sudden burst of maternal pride, which I suppose the worthy creature was unable any longer to hold in check, Mrs. Ramage, under cover of the tramping and the moonlight shadows, slipped her arm beneath mine and gave it a convulsive squeeze.

"Only fancy, Mrs. Darkwood, mem—only just fancy!" gasped she. "He's a real live lord, and a kind-natured and a well-meaning one into the bargain, in spite of his dandy airs and his shiny boots. They're to be married before the spring—the next as ever is—and Rory, if she lives, will be the Countess of Starch. Oh, Mrs. Darkwood, I can't bring myself to believe it yet—I can't, mem, indeed!"

"Well she is a thorough good girl, and she deserves her good fortune," I promptly whispered back.

"A good girl? Ay, that she is!" said Mrs. Ramage, almost tearfully. "What do you think, mem? I am to have a suburban villa residence all to myself when they are married, just wherever I please to fancy; and I've chose Ealing Common, since my lord had no objection; and I'm to go and visit Rory at her own grand house just as often as I please, and I am to stay there too with the dear child just as long as ever I please; and—and—now isn't he kind and noble?" whispered Mrs. Ramage breathlessly, as the band struck up the "Pomona" waltz.

"Yes, indeed!" I answered sympathetically.

And then Miss de Vere went on to remark—

"And so you understand, Mrs. Darkwood, I asked mother to be good enough to hold her tongue to everybody until things had been brought to a real head. You can imagine that I didn't want to look like a fool through being in too great a hurry."

"And I'm sure I obeyed you, Rory dear—I always do," mildly threw in Mrs. Ramage.

"Oh, yes, mother—it's all right!" gently answered Miss de Vere.

Then Mrs. Ramage hoped that she was not presuming, was not "going to far," in saying that she would be extremely disappointed if I did not come and have supper with them at their apartments on the following evening. The Captain—Mr. Darkwood, she ought to say—had promised her faithfully that he would bring me; and she—Mrs. Ramage—would really feel it if, after all, I should decline to honor her.

"Bless you, mother, Mrs. Darkwood isn't proud," observed Miss de Vere coolly—"she'll come!"

"Of course I mean to come," I answered gaily, at the time forgetting my scruples of the morning.

"How can I thank you, Mrs. Darkwood!" exclaimed Mrs. Ramage gratefully.

"Our thanks are due to you, Mrs. Ramage," was my light-hearted reply; "for I think it is very kind of you to invite us."

"Gracious," after a while ejaculated Mrs. Ramage—"where is Rory?"

Behind, us, Daryl, who had overheard, laughed.

"We were just wondering, Mrs. Ramage," said he, "what had become of Lord Tracy."

"Oh," said Mrs. Ramage, in a more comfortable tone, "if that's it, sir, it is all right then!"

Mrs. Ramage and I continued our promenade together. Presently Daryl called out—

"Flower—I say, Flower—wasn't it so? I am right, am I not?"—appealing to me on some trivial point or other that he was masterfully arguing out with young Gaveston and Mr. Eversleigh. It so happened that I was able to settle satisfactorily the question mooted between them. In a few words I did so, and then turned again to Mrs. Ramage.

"Heigh-ho!" said she, with a sentimental sigh that somehow came oddly from the mother of Miss de Vere. "Never can I forget the old days, Mrs. Darkwood, whenever I hear the Captain calling you 'Flower.'"

"Can you not?" I smiled. "Why not?"

"I never heard the name in my life," said Mrs. Ramage pensively, "until I went to live at Hoxton; and that was years ago. My poor dear husband, mem, was alive then."

"Was he?" I said gently, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes, Mrs. Darkwood—he was alive then, and in the best of 'ealth, poor dear," said Mrs. Ramage, with another not uncheerful sigh, "and it was some little while before Rory was born. We had two rooms in those days, I remember, in a house in the St. Vincent Road, Hoxton. It was not a very genteel part, mem, to speak the truth, in spite of its high-sounding name—nothing like so nice as Chesterfield Avenue—nothing like! But it was rather hard times with us just then, Mrs. Darkwood. I had no employment at all that year, and my poor dear Abraham worked the limelight at the Albion Theatre Royal. So two rooms, you see, was about as much as we could manage at that time of day—with our own furniture, o' course. Well, at the top of the house, occupying only one room, there was a man and a woman by the name of Wilson—at least, they gave out that Wilson was their name; but none of the lodgers, I don't think, believed that they were man and wife, or that Wilson was their real name. I know we did not, my Abraham and me; though," said Mrs. Ramage earnestly, "may Heaven forgive us if we was wrong and uncharitable! One sweet little child they had—such a sweet little duck she was, mem—who was just as shy and frightened sometimes as your own dear little angel, Mrs. Darkwood. Indeed I am often reminded of that little child at Hoxton when I look at your own pretty darling, Missy Isla. But, when I knew baby Wilson, she couldn't have been so old as Missy——"

"And was her name Isla too, then?" I broke in absently.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Darkwood! Don't you understand? The little Hoxton child's name was 'Flower'—the same as yours ——"

"Flower!" I exclaimed. "How curious!" adding, with a smile, "Why my name, after all, Mrs. Ramage, it appears, is not such an uncommon one as I have generally been inclined to think it. My husband once had a very young cousin whom he never saw; she—she died, I have heard, before he came home from India; and she was called 'Flower.' There is nothing new under the sun. How true it is!"

"Well, I never!" said Ramage. "But I was going to tell you, mem, that something very shocking happened at that house in the St. Vincent Road; and little Flower Wilson was fetched away from it by her grandfather, I—I think it was; no, it was her——"

"Something very shockin?" I interrupted, beginning to feel a genuine interest in Mrs. Ramage's inconsequent narrative. "And what was that?"

"A murder," said Mrs. Ramage, lowering her voice—"as dreadful a murder—and all though drink, they said—as ever was ——"

Again I interrupted the narrator, both my interest and my curiosity now strongly awakened.

"Not the little child, I hope?" said I quickly.

"Dear, no, mem! I told you just now—or meant to—that baby Wilson was fetched away from that house at Hoxton directly after her father had been——"

But it seemed that Mrs. Ramage was not then to be permitted to finish her story; and perhaps I was not wholly sorry to lose the end of it, whatever it might be, since the tale was evidently one in which the horrible predominated in no mean degree and enough of that which was terrific had already overshadowed my past knowledge of life!

Daryl, in a playful manner, was tapping Mrs. Ramage upon the shoulder with his stick. She broke off immediately in her talk of Hoxton, and her gloomy reminiscences of the St. Vincent Road there, and faced my husband, broadly smiling.

"What is it, Captain?" she said, with that queer, arch, sidewise, ducking movement of hers, which somehow suggested a curtsey and yet which was not one. It was more of a respectful wriggle than anything else—any way I never saw anything like it until I came to know Mrs. Ramage.

We had all halted in a group together.

"Mrs Ramage," said Daryl joyously, "we are about tired of this eternal tramping round and round—this tread-mill sort of business, don't you know—aren't you?—and begin to feel a craving for a—a—an absolute need of a refresher of some kind. Come with us, Mrs. Ramage, and have a glass of wine."

Mrs. Ramage wriggled more than ever.

"Oh, lor', sir," said she, "I really don't think I ought——"

"Pooh!" said Daryl airily, taking her by the arm. "A claret and apollinaris, or a port and soda with a dash of lemon in it, will do you all the good in the world. Now don't be unsociable, there's a dear creature!"

"Oh, lor', Captain," said Mrs. Ramage more faintly, "what a one you are, to be sure! I—I——"

She pretended to hang back, but all the same she was allowing Daryl to lead her in the direction of the dazzling pavilion, young Gaveston following them, laughing, apparently much amused.

"Come along, Flower—come along, Eversleigh!" Daryl looked over his shoulder to shout to Leigh and me, before the glass doors of the pavilion closed on them. He was still holding Mrs. Ramage by the arm.

"No, thank you," said I.

"No, thank you," said Leigh Eversleigh.

Thus it happened that we two found ourselves alone with each other—alone, that is to say, in the midst of the pier crowd, which still kept up its perpetual march—with the band playing, and the high fair moon overhead.

"Let us get to the flag-post at the end yonder," suggested Leigh, offering me his arm. "There it will be possible, Mrs. Darkwood, to feel a breath of fresh air."

"Willingly," I replied, and accepted his proffered escort.

To the smartly-dressed multitude the band and the noisy pavilion were far more attractive than was a contemplation of the grand serenity of the wide lone sea, with the wan moon smiles quivering over its dark and awful bosom; for here, upon the triangular promontory where, with faces turned seaward, we now stood, there was space to stretch oneself and to breathe comfortably.

"What an exquisite night," Mr. Eversleigh murmured, as if to himself, looking slowly upward to the purple dome of heaven, all strewed as it was with its myriad white stars. "What a perfect night."

I said nothing. The loneliness, the mystery of the sea at night was filling, as it ever did, my heart with a deep sense of rest and of peace.

Suddenly upon the crowd there fell a hush. One could now distinctly hear the "swish—s—s—sh" of the little growling waves, as with a ghostly whisper they went creeping inland to fling themselves wantonly at the base of the rugged cliffs. Calm as it was now, there might be foam-capped breakers ere the dawn; for the sea is as capricious, as changeful as a woman.

The Thangate summer mob had fallen dumb, as it were, to a man; the cornet-player of the band was playing his customary solo, which this evening proved to be "Some Day."

Far over the quiet sea rang out the slow sweet air—clear, true, unutterably pathetic. The cornet-player, as he played, himself seemed to feel every note of the music.

The link of tacit sympathy—or whatever it should be correctly termed—which existed between Leigh Eversleigh and me kept us both silent.

He had folded his arms as he stood; his chin rested upon his breast. For myself—well, for the life of me I could have spoken no syllable just then; my heart was touched to aching by the haunting pathos of the melody—the tears rose to my burning eyes.

Had there been by my side a husband who really loved me, and whom I truly loved, I might have pressed my forehead to his dear shoulder and have wept outright.

Did my staunch friend Leigh Eversleigh, although so silent, comprehend this? I cannot tell.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ramage's party was emphatically an event in my life. Through many a strange experience had I gone as Daryl Darkwood's wife; but Mrs. Ramage's festival in honor of her daughter Aurora's engagement, taken with the consequences, which were the direct result of the affair, was unquestionably for me the strangest and saddest of all.

The supper-hour was ten o'clock, and a few minutes before the appointed time, we—Daryl, Mr. Eversleigh and I—presented ourselves at the Ramages' apartments, which were upstairs, like our own at Miss Piper's.

Viscount Tracy, his friend young Gaveston, and Mr. Binkworthy, the theatrical manager, were already there, the three men having returned home with Miss de Vere straightway from the Dome by the Waves.

Aurora, who was wearing the gown in which she had sung her songs at the Dome, looking really handsome—undeniably beautiful.

It was a tasteful gown of palest lemon-colored muslin, with many little frills about the narrow trained skirt of it, all edged with pretty lace. The elbow-sleeves revealed her shapely arms, upon which, in the house, the numerous bangles she was so fond of did not appear in the least out of place.

She wore upon her left shoulder a lovely cluster of hot-house flowers, both scarlet bloom and white, with long feathery sprays of maiden-hair fern; and in her fair hair Lord Tracy had just fastened some bright-red geranium, with a spray or two of lemon plant as well.

He was paying Aurora the most marked attention, and seemed passionately devoted to the clever young woman of his choice.

Aurora herself treated her titled slave with a cool and easy familiarity which was decidedly amusing to witness—her bright face was flushed with genuine pleasure notwithstanding.

As we three guests from the Cliff were strangers to Mr. Binkworthy, we were each of us in turn presented to the manager of the Levity.

It was Mrs. Ramage—who was attired in a bronze shot-silk gown, with a large embroidered collar and a cameo brooch, and a gorgeous new cap that would not keep straight—who with much pride and many a wriggle performed the necessary introduction; Mr. Binkworthy, with extreme affability, bowing to the right and to left of us.

He was a short stout man, in a short jacket, who wore many rings upon his fat and not over-clean hands. A white waistcoat, cut low displayed a fine expanse of rather limp shirt front, in the centre of which shone a big carbuncle, and below which dangled an immense gold locket and chain. Mr. Binkworthy, in his way, was an illustrious person.

At supper I sat between the manager and young Gaveston, and both of them made themselves exceedingly agreeable. Daryl, at Mrs. Ramage's request, was occupying the end seat at table immediately facing her own, in order that he might relieve her of the work of carving. "If you don't mind, Captain," said Mrs. Ramage, in her most wheedling tone, "just cutting up the fowls and that for me, I can manage the lobster-salad and the rest."

And so, facing each other—hock, claret, and by-and-by champagne flowing without stint—Daryl and Mrs. Ramage cracked many a joke together, and drank each other's health quite a dozen times at the least.

Naturally, in these circumstances, as the evening wore on, the hilarity of the little party waxed stronger and stronger—Mr. Binkworthy, the manager, telling some really funny stories; Daryl, in highest spirits, capping them with others still funnier and wilder.

"Stop, Captain, do!" cried Mrs. Ramage, laughing and choking together, "or you'll be the death o' me, I know!"

And then, recovering herself, in her best manner she forthwith proceeded to "take wine" with Viscount Tracy.

"My love to you, Mrs. Ramage," said he pleasantly.

"The same to you, my lord," replied Aurora's mother, beaming affectionately at her future son-in-law.

At that instant, raising my own eyes from listening to some lengthy but not too wise remark of young Marc Gaveston's, I encountered those of Mr. Eversleigh—who was sitting opposite to me and my dawdling companion—with a queer questioning light lurking in them. With one hand meanwhile he stroked his long tan moustache, and I could not help wondering whether he was smiling beneath it.

He, I somehow felt, was wondering what I thought of Mrs. Ramage's party; but I knew that we must wait, until the next day before we could quietly compare notes upon the event.

The next day! How little did I dream on that brief evening of Bohemian merry-making, in that short hour of informal conviviality, what "the next day" would bring to pass for me!

Alas! how hard and wrong it seems that often when one is happiest and brightest, then is it that the shadows of life are nearest!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIRST GENTLEMAN, entering the apartment of second gentleman.—"About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel?" Second gentleman, sternly.—"I did, sir." First gentleman.—"And I told you that I had just been married, and I did not care to risk my life at any such hazard." Second gentleman, haughtily.—"I remember, sir." First gentleman, bitterly.—"Well, my feelings have undergone a change; any time you want to fight let me know."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE HOUSE OF THE LIVING.—The terms which different nations have bestowed on a burial-place are not associated with emotions of horror. The Greeks called a burying-ground by the soothing term of "Cemeterion," or the "sleeping place." The Jews, who had no horrors of the grave, by the term "Bethhaim," or "the house of the living;" the Germans, with religious simplicity, "God's field."

THE MAPPA.—The "mappa" was a table napkin in use in ancient Rome for wiping the hands and mouth at meals. Some persons fastened it under their chins to protect their clothes from stains, as some do now. In ordinary cases the host did not furnish his guests with napkins, but each person brought his own "mappa" with him, and occasionally carried away in it some of the delicacies which he could not consume at table.

PERSIAN MARRIAGES.—As a rule, classes in Persia do not mingle in marriage. The sons of merchants wed merchants' daughters, the young tradesman mates with his like, and so with the members of the servant and soldier classes. But in Persia, as everywhere else, extraordinary personal attractions soon become known and have their advantage. The beauty of the lower or middle class need not aspire in vain. The mother of the king's eldest and favorite son, the most powerful man in Persia, was the daughter of a miller, who caught the Shah's eye while washing clothes at the brookside. Many a poor handsome girl without portion is wedded for her beauty.

IN THE INDIES.—The bed of a dweller in East India is spread upon the floor, and for a pillow is used a sort of blanket, which is utilized at the same time for containing the valuables of the house. The covering for the sleeper is made of cotton, woven by hand. There are no chairs, and the occupants sit on the floor with crossed legs, or in a reclining posture, with one leg upon the other. There are no musical instruments, no notes, no set music. The East Indians lie down without undressing, and on rising roll up their bed and stow it away. Their principal food is rice, which those who are at the table eat with the same spoon. There are no puddings, no desserts, and whoever is the last to rise from the table is compelled to wash the dishes. Woman has scarcely any place in society, literature or art. Man is the master, and rules. The language is simple, consists of twenty-five letters for an alphabet, and can be learned in a year and a half by one associated with the people.

CHINESE GARDENS.—The predominant feature of these gardens lies in the grotesqueness of the figures, produced by training certain shrubs over a framework of wire, so as exactly to take its form, and still more wonderful is the revelation of amazing patience which must have been expended in order to train each tiny twig, each separate leaf, into its proper place, so as to form a perfectly even surface, representing garments or whatever else is to be indicated. Evergreen dragons, frisky fishes, dolphins with huge eyes of china, and human figures with china or wooden hands, heads, and feet, are among the favorite forms represented. We also saw a very fine vegetable stag with well-developed antlers, and a long rattan trained into the likeness of a serpent. Different shrubs assume the forms of junks, bridges, houses, flower-baskets, fans, or birds; and tall evergreen pagodas are adorned with little china bells, hanging round each story.

OF GREAT MEN.—Curiosity about the minor incidents in the lives of some great men is to a certain extent legitimate, and even profitable; but there is perhaps, in our day at least, some danger of its being carried too far. To find the great on a level with ourselves may gratify our vanity, but it may sometimes lead to very erroneous conclusions. We have often been struck with the significance of an anecdote which Hookam Frere once related to his nephew about the great English statesman Canning: —"I remember one day going to consult Canning on a matter of great importance to me, when he was staying at Enfield. We walked into the woods to have a quiet talk, and as we passed some ponds I was surprised to find that it was a new light to him that tadpoles turned into frogs. 'Now don't you go and tell that story to the next fool you meet,' he added. Canning could and did rule a great and civilized nation, but people are apt to fancy that a man who does not know the natural history of frogs must be an imbecile in the treatment of men."

HER TRYST.

BY T. F.

She watched and waited while the sun went down
In fire and gold among the mountain snows,
And ev'ry summit wore a shining crown,
And ev'ry cloud was redder than a rose.

The lake beneath her held the scarlet sky
And all the burning hills in close embrace,
And mirrored back the passion pure and high,
The tender love and longing of her face.

"O love," she whispered, "who hast never failed!"
Then spake aloud the name she held most dear.
A sudden silence, as of death, prevailed;
She watched and waited, deeming he was near.

She knew not that beyond the shining peaks,
Where burned the sunset on a barren plain,
A thirst for blood, the vultures dipped their beaks
At banquet on a horse and rider slain!

LIGHT AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I DO hope nothing is going to happen before Tuesday," whispered Mrs. Feathers to Mary that afternoon after tea. "Don't you notice the change that's come over your poor young lady? She's not the same that she was this morning."

"Why, what's amiss with her?" said Mary, alarmed lest something should intervene to stop her hoped-for pleasure on the Tuesday.

"Don't you see how bright her eyes are—unnaturally bright—and how quick she moves, as if she was listening for somebody? All these days past she's been as spiritless as a mouse."

"Nonsense! She's all right, Mrs. Feathers. She doesn't do nothing out of the common. She's just as silent as ever, and just as gentle in her ways."

"I hope you may be right, Mary; but keep your eyes open—that's all! Her papa is not coming here again till Wednesday afternoon, so it's all right for us; we shall be back hours before he arrives."

Mary drew a breath of relief, and, in order to keep the mind of her charge intent on some safe unexciting matter, reverted to the dresses still lying unpacked in the trunk; and, to her surprise, Miss Charlford assented to her proposition.

"I might as well look at them at once, Mary, for I really want a change of dress," she said. "Open the trunk, please, and put the tray on the bed, then I need not keep you long; I shall not be more than half an hour."

Carelessly she turned over the uppermost things in the trunk—lace collars, frills, sashes, ribbons tastefully tied in small knots, which she had worn in happier days.

"I shall never want them again—never put them on any more, Mary," she said, with infinite sadness.

"Oh, don't say so, miss!" expostulated the girl, while to herself she said: "She's not a bit changed. What nonsense of Mrs. Feathers to say so! Can I help you, please, miss?" she asked.

"No, thank you, Mary," replied Mabel, in her usual gentle and spiritless way. "I must look at the things myself, and decide what I will keep; then you can put them away."

"Very well, miss."

And the maid took her work and sat a few yards off, waiting till her services were wanted.

Mabel went on tossing aside things that she had formerly valued for their tastefulness.

Then she took up the dresses that were underneath the laces and lighter things. There were four pretty costumes which were still quite fresh, and which fitted her as it made but recently.

She had not grown more robust during the last few months.

"They look beautiful dresses indeed, miss," remarked Mary, her eyes full of admiration.

"I do not care for pretty things now, Mary," returned Mabel. "A black dress is what I prefer, and I hope to find one which you can alter for me. Ah, here is a quiet gray gown which I wore long ago, when I was still in the schoolroom."

Little did the maid conceive what was connected with the sigh accompanying these remarks—what recollections the sight of the dress called up—recollections of that day from which all her troubles dated—the day when she first discovered that her father had a secret to hide—the words she had overheard in the library, the scene near the boat-house, the interview with her uncle, then with her father, the plausible explanation he had given her, and, last of all, that never-to-be-forgotten scene in her father's study, when, as she believed, she had been the means of averting a fearful crime.

Her parting from Neville had followed, then her separation from all her family, next her imprisonment in the cottage.

Nor was this the end of the drama; it must be played out far from her native land, or she must die here, away from all her friends and acquaintances—away from Neville.

"I can't bear to see you look like that, miss," said Mary.

"It is nothing; I am always sad," answered Mabel.

She continued to handle the gray dress without thinking of what she was doing, and in this state of mind she unfolded it, shook it, and held it up before her; and, as she did so, her hand came into contact with a thin and crumbled piece of paper in the pocket of the skirt.

What could it be? For she had not worn the dress since that day, so vivid in her memory, on which she had taken it off before her father went to Germany, or was supposed to go there.

Instantly there flashed across her mind the little scene in Netta's bed-room, when she had been so agitated about the paper which fell from the pocket of this very dress, and she had believed herself about to obtain a clue to the secret which had ever since eluded her.

This paper contained an allusion which had been a key to a part of the deception which she felt shrouded her father's past.

She had been deeply disappointed at first, and then intensely relieved in mind, at missing what she had aimed at in snatching the piece of paper from her father's drawer, and she had gone away from home the next day in the belief that the secret still lay hidden in the drawer of her father's writing-table.

Never since that day had she worn the gray dress, which was not stylish enough for any place but the schoolroom; and during all the stirring occurrences that followed—her visit to her uncle's, her brief happy engagement to Lord Wynmore, when new garments were ordered for her, and she was emancipated from the schoolroom—she had never had occasion to wear this particular dress, for, after her engagement to Neville Wynmore was broken off, illness ensued, and her fancy for black garments grew upon her, so that this costume had lain unthought of at the bottom of the trunk now open before her.

Now swiftly came the startling thought that here, at this unexpected moment, the mystery would be laid bare to her—the hidden thing be made clear.

She felt assured that she was about to lay hold of that which had hitherto eluded her.

What a moment it was! She dared not draw forth the paper, for Mary's eyes were upon her, and she herself could with difficulty restrain her deep emotion.

"Do sit down, miss!" cried the maid, rising hastily. "You look as if you would faint the next minute!"

"No: fetch me some water."

Mary flew to obey, and in that brief instant of freedom Mabel, with fingers shaking from dread anticipation, drew the paper to light and glanced at it with quick-drawn breath.

Ah! Yes, she must be right in her conjecture.

In this instant she perceived as by a revelation the fact that she must have snatched two sheets of paper instead of one from her father's drawer—thin sheets which at first must have clung together—that the one containing the mystery about which she had been so agonized had lain all this time at the bottom of the pocket into which it had been thrust.

In her agitation she had shaken out one sheet of paper; the other must have clung to the soft material of the dress. What fearful revelations would it disclose?

She must wait for hours—for days perhaps—before she could possess herself of the contents of this closely-written sheet of German traced on foreign paper.

There was but scant time to note a few words on the page before Mary's step was audible in the corridor, but those words made supposition certainty as to the nature of the letter she had found, her father's name was twice mentioned, and such expressions as "black deed," "penal servitude," occurred.

How terrible! She thrust the silent witness out of sight as Mary re-entered with the water.

"You don't look much better now, miss. Won't you lie down?" asked the maid, with concern.

"Yes, Mary. Put away the dresses; I ——"

And then, with throbbing brow and heart beating painfully, she lay down on the little couch in her dressing-room, thankful that Mary could not guess the anguish that that was in her troubled soul.

Watched, always watched! Never sure of an absolutely quiet moment—never certain of being left to herself!

Mrs. Feathers or Mary or Jane was sure to enter on some pretence; she was rarely permitted to be alone.

How then should she venture to decipher the letter which contained what she so dreaded to learn? Night and day her actions were spied and noted!

Through all the long and dreadful evening which ensued Mabel found no opportunity for reading that which, unknown, tortured her, and which, when known, she felt sure would torture her yet more. Yet, till she understood the secret which haunted her, she could gain no rest.

Mrs. Feathers came in continually with offers to sit up, and Mabel had great difficulty in persuading her to retire and leave her, as usual, in Mary's care.

So by-and-by silence reigned in the cottage, the curtains were drawn, and Mabel, after feigning sleep, was able to reopen her wakeful eyes, and gaze through an opening in the curtains at the moonlight out of doors.

There was something else troubling her heart to-night besides her desire and dread with respect to the mystery in her father's life; but this she dared hardly shape in thought—it was so agitating and so infinitely sweet.

How eagerly she listened, lying motionless till Mary's regular breathing told her that she might steal to the window and strive to discern whether that figure which she had detected on the preceding night was visible!

If so, who was he who watched; and why was he there? To spy—only to spy? Last night she had so believed, but not now—now now!

Like a ghost she glided from her bed and stole across the carpeted floor. Softly she stood within the shelter of the window-curtains and peered out into the moonlight.

Yes, he was there—the tall figure she had seen before.

Oh for a moment of clear vision to set doubt at rest, to make supposition certainty! But there were flying clouds to-night, and these, obscuring the moon, prevented her from deciding whose was the figure watching there.

Nearly an hour elapsed before she crept back to her couch; and four o'clock had struck before she fell into a fitful sleep.

Her awakenings were always troubled with fear. It was reality then that she was in this strange house, far away from her sisters and from Dick.

Sleep enabled her to forget it for a brief space. It was so hard to realize it anew every morning!

On this day, as she unclosed her eyes, she turned them towards the casement far more eagerly than Mary had done on the previous day.

It was not raining—she could walk out. Would the young gardener who had replaced Fox be awaiting her with the flowers? How strangely the thought agitated her!

Mabel had learned to be silent about the things she wished for—to assume indifference lest they should be snatched from her.

So, though she longed to rush into the garden, she did not propose to go out of doors until Mary, as usual, came to ask if she would walk that morning.

Hardly could she assume her usual tone of indifference as she assented, hardly control her steps as she turned into the path at the end of which Jim Saunders was working.

Had he the flowers? Did he see that she was approaching?

Yes! Half-way down the walk he came to meet her, raising his cap respectfully, and bringing into view from a small basket he carried a lovely bouquet of flowers.

"Good morning, miss. Will you be pleased to accept these, miss?" he said, standing on one side and offering his flowers.

At the same time he slipped into Mary's hand a couple of roses surrounded by sweet geranium and heliotrope, which, accompanied by a smile, completely subjugated the girl. These flowers must have come from a florist's.

Mabel, overpowered by an emotion which she could not control, received the blossoms in silence.

"I got them from Mr. Twiford, the florist, miss," continued Jim Saunders; "and 'twas he that put round 'em that bit of lace-paper, such as they use for brides at weddings, miss. Do but look at it, for it has a sort of motto inside written in French, by Mr. Twiford. You can read it maybe, though a poor fellow like me is no scholar for that."

"Oh, to be sure I can read French!" replied Mabel, without however unfolding the paper. How could she, with Mary's eyes fixed upon her?

When Jim Saunders had lifted his hat and passed on, Mabel, taking advantage of a transient gleam of sunlight, intimated her desire to sit down on the bench, and Mary withdrew far enough to exchange a word or two with the handsome young gardener, who appeared quite willing to engage her attention.

"What lovely roses you have given me, Mr. Saunders!" she exclaimed, allowing a little of her admiration for the donor to be seen.

"I hope to have the honor of presenting you with a choice bouquet for Tuesday, Miss Carter," returned the young man cheerfully. "Don't you get any flowers yourself—trust to my choice."

"Oh, you're really too good, Mr. Saunders!" declared the delighted Mary.

After this, it was easy enough to draw her into conversation, and Mabel, left to herself, was quick to unfold the paper wrapped round the stems of the flowers.

With overwhelming emotion she read these lines in French—

"If you have guessed my secret, write on this piece of paper the name of him who loves you from the depths of his soul."

Her heart beat wildly as she grasped the sense of these words.

Despite all that had happened, despite the assurance she possessed that she was separated for ever from Neville, to know that he had followed her here, that he had found means to communicate with her, that he was there, within a few yards of her, intoxicated her with sudden joy.

Ah, he would not be contented then with her persistent refusal to see him, with the story which must have been told him concerning her mental weakness! Through it all he had clung to the memory of their love, and was at hand—could she doubt it?—to succor her.

But she must hasten to give the answer he sought.

How could she manage it? She had no writing materials at hand—not even a pencil. Woman's wit however is rarely at fault where her lover is concerned.

"Mary," she said, calling to her maid, "I have a fancy to make a sketch of that cottage in the meadow which we see from here. Will you fetch me my portfolio and some pencils out of the drawer in the sitting-room?"

"Certainly, miss," Mary replied; "but isn't it cold for sketching?"

She did not like her talk with Mr. Saunders being interrupted.

"I shall not sit still five minutes," said Mabel. "It is only the outline I shall do this morning, which I can color indoors. It will be an amusement, and I have so few pleasures," she added. "While you are gone I will walk about and get warm."

It was in this manner that, after such a bitter parting—after such an agonized separation—after what Mabel had believed to be an eternal farewell—she and Neville Wynmore met again—met, and dared not clasp hands!

"I have found you then, beloved!" he murmured, with tenderest adoration in his voice. "Do you know what they have told me?"

"Yes, Neville. They say that I am insane; all my actions are watched. Some day you will be assured that my mind never failed."

"My darling, consent to be my wife, and who shall dare to take you from my keeping? Your father is impenetrable; your brother is, they tell me, abroad."

"Oh, Dick, Dick," she ejaculated, "what have they done to you? Are you too a prisoner?"

"Mabel, fly with me," entreated Neville, "and together we will find your dear brother."

"Help me to fly," she begged, "though to marry you, Neville, I must not consent—it would tie you to a tarnished name! Do you think I would sacrifice your happiness? What is the use of seeking to hide the truth from you? Don't proclaim it to the world, Neville, for my sake keep silence; but I do not speak at random when I tell you that I know my father has a terrible secret to hide, and so he keeps me here. Help me to escape! I will never molest him—I ask only freedom and obscurity. On Tuesday evening the housekeeper and my usual attendant go to a merry-making—they are ignorant that I am aware of it—while they are absent I must escape. Be ready to take me to London, or your sister's, Neville. May I count on you?"

"Command my life, and it is yours!" he said, with fervor.

They had not a moment to exchange another word, Mary having returned, bearing the portfolio.

"Put it down, Mary," said Mabel faintly.

"Are you ill again, miss?" cried the girl, noting that she was not in her usual apathetic state.

"No, not ill; but I don't think I shall make the sketch now. I will leave it for another time. Mary, has Mrs. Feathers heard from my father? When is he coming to see me again?"

How she shrank from ever meeting him! She prayed that his visit might not be before Tuesday.

"Don't you fret about your dear papa, miss," said Mary cheerfully; "he'll be coming on Wednesday, I heard Mrs. Feathers say; and he means to stay a day or so; then you can ask him everything you wish. That will be better than writing."

"So it will, Mary," answered Mabel, striving to assume her former listless air. But how difficult it was to seem spiritless when her heart was beating so wildly—when Neville was there to aid her—when he had given her this new proof of his love!

They were just as much parted as ever. Never could she respond to his tender wish—never place her hand in his again, and utter words she had once pronounced so fondly—"I am yours, Neville!" But it was unspeakably sweet to find that his devotion followed her—that he turned lovingly to her; and a tide of joy which she thought for ever departed rose swiftly within her, filling her heart once more with happiness. For a brief while she was oblivious of the mystery which weighed down her soul.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IF Mary had not been engrossed by preparations for the important event of Tuesday, she must have been struck by the change in her young mistress; but the excitement of the prospect before her, the coming dance, the opportunity of wearing a white dress, the delight of seeing Bill Darby, the pleasure of exciting his jealousy about the handsome Mr. Saunders, and the roses the young gardener promised to give her—all this was too much for Mary, who was far more likely to lose her head in any difficulty or stress of circumstances than was the patient over whom she watched. And, when, after tea, she asked her young lady what she should like to do, and Mabel replied that she would read, begging the maid to bring her a story which she had left downstairs, Mary, darting into the kitchen to see if Jim Saunders was there, entirely forgot the name of the volume for which she had been sent, and brought back a history of Rome.

Mabel accepted it; it would do as well as any other to conceal the letter containing the secret.

Only in this manner could she venture to read it, as at any moment one of her gaolers might come in, and would be sure to be curious if she seemed to be reading a letter.

How painfully her heart beat as she drew out the thin foreign sheet and smoothed it ready for transference to the volume which Mary had brought!—she had made some trifling excuse for sending the girl away on another errand. Then she placed the letter between the leaves, and, with tremulous

agony, read in German—

"Frankfort, June, 18—.

"Your last letter was so unsatisfactory that I will answer it in person. It is of no use to beat about the bush with me; and you ought to know that, if I ask a good deal, it is worth your while to pay it. I must write a long letter, but every word will have to be reckoned for.

"It is too ridiculous for you, Charlford—rather Filton—to tell me, Horace Lane, that you cannot afford to pay twice over for a secret such as I have in my keeping. If you paid for it a dozen times, it would be better than spending the rest of your life at the public expense in one of her Majesty's prisons.

"You think to blind me? You have reckoned without any real knowledge of the man with whom you have to deal.

"It is true, as you say, that you have already paid handsomely for what I did for you; eight thousand pounds is a fair sum for any ordinary service. But mine was an extraordinary one; and two things have happened on which neither you nor I counted. The first is my discovery that you are a dozen times more wealthy than you have represented yourself to be; the second is—I have embarked in an exciting game, and must have money to carry it on.

"In short, I need at least twenty thousand pounds; but you and your friend John Charlford can easily manage that between you, as indeed you must. What is the use of refusing? You know that you are in my power. You twit me with that I am as guilty as you and your reputed brother—that I am double-dyed in your iniquity; but, my dear Charlford, Filton, or whatever you choose to call yourself, have you never heard of a man's turning Queen's evidence? As a last resource, if you drive me to revenge, I will have it! Of course fifteen or twenty thousand pounds and liberty to spend it would be infinitely more agreeable; but I must have revenge if not success! It is my watchword."

At this point in the letter the door opened and Mabel had scarcely turned a leaf of her book to hide the foreign sheet when Mary came in.

"Could you eat a few grapes, miss?" she said. "Mr. Saunders, the young man who made bold to bring you the flowers this morning, has just offered me a bunch, and you'll do me a great favor if you'll take some."

With an effort at self-restraint Mabel accepted the fruit with many thanks, fully understanding all the while that her maid would have entered on some other pretext if not on this, and that it must be by her father's command that she was never left alone long.

How her heart beat with mingled joy at the knowledge thus gained of Neville's presence in the house that she occupied and horror as she connected the words she had just read with the paper Dick and she had found in the boat so long ago, and which they had both ascribed to Caroline's lover! Oh, what should she read next?

What was the meaning of the strange phrase "your reputed brother?" Was not uncle John her relative?

If not, how had he been recognized as such by old friends of the family? No one doubted that he was indeed her father's only brother. That part of the letter was inexplicable.

She shuddered when Mary again withdrew, leaving the grapes beside her—shuddered at the thought of having to read the explanation of a secret which must be terrible indeed when such a price could be demanded for keeping it.

With an inward prayer for strength she resumed the task of deciphering the German characters.

"However"—the letter went on—"I will not account you so blind to your own interests. You and John Charlford between you will pay the sum I demand; but we must confer together without delay. Your reputed brother takes advantage of a series of fortuitous circumstances, of my own skill in imitating any handwriting, of my presumed dying state, of the death of Mrs. Charlford in her husband's absence, of an attack of yellow-fever which rapidly carried off the real Richard Charlford during his visit to the West Indies—I say he takes advantage of all these circumstances to forge a will bequeathing to himself the immense fortune amassed by his cousin, which would otherwise have gone to Richard Charlford, and at his death to his children.

"He drawe up the will; I write it out, signing it with a forged signature on consideration of receiving for my penniless child a sum of eight thousand pounds. I am supposed at the time to be in a dying state—John Charlford thinks that dead men tell no tales.

"But, just as he feels quite secure, you come upon the scene, chance having revealed to you the whole scheme. In fact, you fell asleep behind a sofa after drinking too much; no one dreamed of your presence in the room, and you awoke to become cognisant of this lucrative secret.

"Then your price had to be settled. It was a heavy one—no less than that the man who had planned to take all the late Mr. Charlford's property should make a new will which should bestow half the wealth on yourself, in order to do which securely it was necessary to palm you off as Richard Charlford, the father of his dead brother's children.

"Why not? The wife was dead, the baby children had not seen their father for a year, and the yellow-fever was reported to have wrought a great change in him.

"John Charlford resisted as much as he dared; but he found himself caught in a snare.

"The will was never questioned; John Charlford informed his companion in iniquity as to a few important by-gone events; and the description succeeded. Ever since you have held up your head with the county gentlemen of England—yet you demur to pay a few thousand pounds more. Refuse if you dare!

"But I know that you cannot. Meet me at John Charlford's, by the boat-house on the estate he got by fraud; there we will settle terms whilst every one supposes you to be abroad.

"Yours, in amity if you will,

"Horace Lane.

"P.S.—It is idle to argue that my daughter is no longer living, and that her fortune reverted to me. Her husband is still in Jamaica, and naturally I shall help him for my child's sake. He needs help too, having been obliged to open a store. What is eight thousand pounds, after all? You will see that I am in a hurry for the funds I demand, so make arrangements without delay!"

"Without delay—without delay!" repeated Mabel to herself excitedly.

The whole current of her life was entirely changed.

The person whom she had always regarded with such infinite dread, the person whom duty had called to her so loudly to reverence, if she could not love, because he was her father—this person was really not her father!

A wild thrill of horror and joy ran through her—horror at the deep iniquity, joy at the great deliverance.

What possibilities of happiness opened before her now! For the crimes associated with the man who had usurped the name of Charlford laid no stain upon her father.

Her uncle had indeed disgraced his name and kindred; but yet it was not like having to blush for one's own father.

Nor was uncle John her father's own brother—he was the son of a second marriage.

"Oh, Neville, Neville," she gasped aloud, and then glanced in alarm round the room.

Was any one there, spying her actions? She had forgotten even the need of caution in that instant of unspeakable excitement.

She had read the letter with widely-opened eyes and lips apart, her heart beating to suffocation, the blood coursing swiftly through her veins.

And, now that she had possessed herself of the whole truth, now that at length she had discovered the secret, and knew what it was which had cast such a terrible shadow over her home and over the lives of Dick and her sisters, her impatience to open the eyes of them all, to deliver them from the necessity of obeying such a deceiver, especially to open the eyes of her sister Caroline, was torturing.

What might not happen so long as they remained in ignorance? And nothing could be done till she herself was free.

"I dare not fail now to escape. If I fail, I shall be compelled to meet that man on Wednesday; and he may kill me, or attempt to kill me, as he attempted to kill his accomplice. Ah, now I believe that it was indeed an attempt to murder!"

She shuddered, for she was still in the power of one the very sight of whom would fill her with horror.

No wonder he would never consent to speak of her dead mother, when sometimes she had timidly prayed him to tell her what that lost mother was like, and if Caroline most resembled her!

No wonder he refused to talk about their early home, the place where she and Dick and all of them had been born before her father went away to Jamaica to visit his only near relative, save uncle John, a cousin, who was a millionaire, childless and unmarried.

Ah, she could understand his refusal with the light the German letter had thrown upon past events!

"If my mother had not been an orphan, if her guardian had not died immediately after her marriage with my father, if the dreadful man who has dared to take my father's place had not been supported by a near connection of the family, who made him acquainted with everything, it could never have happened, this frightful fraud! Oh, mother, oh, father, my own dear father, whom I never knew, to think that any stranger, a person against whom we all revolted in our hearts, should have taken your place so long!"

The thought overwhelmed the girl, and she realised now more fully than ever the terrible danger in which she stood.

She was in the power of a thoroughly unscrupulous man who had made nearly all her friends believe her to be insane.

No matter what she might declare, who would credit her accusations? And the letter was too priceless as a means of proof to be trusted out of her hands.

"There is no hope for me—no hope for us but in the success of my attempt to-morrow. Oh that I stood once more free of these dreadful walls! How shall I wait till to-morrow, how shall I wait?" she cried in the depths of her heart.

Thank Heaven Mary did not come in! Thank Heaven she had a moment to think alone!

To tell Neville the truth in the hurried manner she must adopt would, she feared, incline him to think that after all her mind was unhinged, and he might demur to tempt her from the safe keeping in which she was supposed to be.

But, once free and by his side, she would show him the letter, then he would have proof.

She did not know however whether he was a German scholar.

No; on the morrow, when she met Neville in the garden, she would not produce the letter, she would give him only brief written instructions how to aid her escape.

So, in a torture of suspense and terror lest Mrs. Feathers or Mary should enter, she placed a half-sheet of paper between the leaves of the book she held, and wrote in pencil—

"Let nothing prevent you from coming to me to-morrow evening, for, Neville, I am not mad. Have a carriage in readiness, and, if I do not join you by midnight outside the house, you will understand that it is because the house door and all the doors are locked and the keys taken away. In this case knock boldly at the door, and entreat the woman in charge to let you in. Make any excuse, she will know your voice and admit you; then lure her into the nearest sitting-room and lock the door. I shall have time to run downstairs and escape, and you must follow me. All depends on you, Neville. "Your tortured

"Mabel."

Barely had she finished the note when Mrs. Feathers knocked and entered in a great bustle.

"Have you wanted anything, if you please, miss?" she said. "It wasn't meant that you should be left so long alone, but Mary was not very well, and I told her to keep quiet for a little while."

"I have not wanted anything, Mrs. Feathers," returned Mabel, with difficulty concealing her extreme agitation.

"Well, you'll come down to supper, won't you, miss?" said the housekeeper, relieved to find her charge perfectly rational and quiet.

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Feathers; I will come as soon as I have washed my hands," said Mabel, keeping careful hold of her book.

"That's right, miss," replied the housekeeper. "Let me carry your book for you, Mary will be ready to attend to you after supper."

"Do let her go to bed and get a long sleep, if she is ill, Mrs. Feathers," said Mabel, trembling from head to foot, and still guarding her book, without responding to the woman's offer, though the latter put out her hand to take the volume.

But, as if not observing her action, Mabel went quickly out of the room; and, though the housekeeper hastened to follow her, there was one precious second of time in which to conceal the tell-tale note to Neville Wynmore.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen below, Neville himself, in the guise of the supposed Jim Saunders, was making himself extremely popular, for it was everything to him to make sure of meeting Mabel in the garden the next day, and Mary had already declared that "just for once" Miss Charlford must be contented to stay in the house, and that she would persuade her not to walk on the morrow, as she, Mary, had all the lace to put in a new and becoming fashion on her dress.

"I say, you must promise to come, if it is only for ten minutes," he urged, in a soft whisper. "If you don't, I sha'n't bring you them roses. Why need you alter your dress? A girl like you will look charming any way!"

But for this speech Mabel would certainly have been persuaded to stay indoors on the very day on which it was most important to her to go out, persuasion in her case meaning coercion.

However, Mary, thus flattered, promised to bring Miss Charlford into the garden "if 'twas wet or fine, just for fifteen minutes or so."

And then Neville, with a lighter heart, took his way to his humble lodgings, where he was received by Fox the gardener with much deference; and, oddly enough, there was no indication of "rheumatics" as the gardener used his hands to wait on his lodger.

But Fox had received no less than fifty guineas for putting Jim Saunders into his place for a few days.

The old man was not aware of the real rank of his visitor, but he surmised rightly that he was a gentleman, and gladly promised silence.

Mrs. Feathers, together with Jane, Mary, and Mrs. Jones, who was spending the evening at the cottage, did nothing but talk of Jim Saunders all the rest of the evening.

"He looks more like a person of quality than what he really is!" said Mary admiringly. "Bill will be jealous, and no mistake, when he sees me dancing with him."

She was in such a state of excitement that Mabel ran little risk of close observation by her.

And the hours stole on, bringing with their flight the moment of deliverance or added terrors and hopeless misery for the lonely Mabel.

For the first time since her captivity she experienced a wild thrill of hope mingled with fear. In another twenty-four hours where should she be?

Neville too had written for Mabel the necessary instructions for her flight, and, as before, he had taken the precaution to use the French language, and to trace his few lines on a piece of paper wrapped round the stems of some flowers.

The bouquet destined for the girl Mary was composed of choicer blossoms than those he would offer to Mabel.

Everything depended on keeping Mary in good humor and unsuspicious of what was to follow.

"My beloved," he wrote to Mabel—"You will find me near the door of the cottage at eleven p.m. Come at all risks; let nothing prevent you—my sister expects you. I shall have a carriage and two good horses. "Your devoted

"N. W."

All that night Mabel lay restless and wakeful, not daring to rise and pace the room or do anything to ease her restlessness, for she knew by Mary's movements, and by the candle alight till long after midnight that the girl was intent on preparations for the wedding-dance.

The cruel suspense must be endured for many, many hours yet, but, oh, the agony of endurance!

Slowly the dawn broke, the gray cold dawn of a chill morning in early November. The task of preserving her old air of listless misery was difficult to Mabel.

"Goodness, miss, I've never seen your eyes look so bright as they do to-day!" exclaimed her attendant. "Do you feel any ways different?"

"My eyes cannot be bright, Mary, there is nothing bright about me," answered Mabel, as languidly as she could.

"Perhaps we had better go out soon this morning, miss; it may rain with these gray clouds," remarked Mary.

"Very well. Yes, I daresay it will rain," was the slow and apparently indifferent response.

As Mabel was slowly rising from the breakfast table Mrs. Feathers brought in a letter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Royal Promotions.—If the golden gate of preferment is not usually opened to men of real merit, persons of no worth have entered it in a most extraordinary manner.

Chevreau informs us that the Sultan Osman having observed a gardener planting a cabbage with some peculiar dexterity, the manner so attracted his imperial eye that he raised him to an office near his person, and shortly after he rewarded the planter of cabbages by creating him beglerbeg or viceroy of the Isle of Cyprus!

Marc Antony gave the house of a Roman citizen to a cook who had prepared for him a good supper. Many have been raised to extraordinary preferment by capricious monarchs for the sake of a jest.

Louis XI promoted a poor priest whom he found sleeping in the porch of a church, that the proverb might be verified, that to lucky men good fortunes will come even when they are asleep!

Henry VII made a viceroy of Ireland if not for the sake of, at least with a joke. When the king was told that all Ireland could not rule the Earl of Kildare, he said, then shall this earl rule all Ireland.

It is recorded of Henry the VIII that he raised a servant to a considerable dignity, because he had taken care to have a roasted boar prepared for him, when his majesty happened to be in the humor of feasting on one; and the title of Sugar-loaf-court, in Leadenhall-street, London, was probably derived from another piece of magnificence of this monarch; the widow of a Mr. Cornwallis was rewarded by the gift of a dissolved priory there situated, for some fine puddings with which she had presented his majesty!

Louis Barbier owed all his good fortune to the familiar knowledge he had of Rabelais. He knew his Rabelais by heart. This served to introduce him to the Duke of Orleans, who took great pleasure in reading that author. It was for this he gave him an abbey, and he was gradually promoted till he became a cardinal.

George Villiers was suddenly raised from a private station and loaded with wealth and honors by King James the First merely for his personal beauty. Almost all the favorites of James became so from their handsomeness.

M. De Chamillart, minister of France, owed his promotion merely to his being the only man who could beat Louis XIV at billiards. He retired with a pension after ruining the finances of his country.

The Duke of Luines in France, was originally a country lad, who insinuated himself into the favor of Louis XIII when young by making bird-traps to catch sparrows. It was little expected, (says Voltaire,) that these puerile amusements were to be terminated by a most sanguinary revolution. De Luines, after causing his patron the Marshal of Ancre to be assassinated, and the queen mother to be imprisoned, raised himself to a title and the most tyrannical power.

No "Unmeddled" Joy.—There is in this world continual interchange of pleasing and grieving accidents, still keeping their succession of times, and overtaking each other in their several courses; no picture can be all drawn of the brightest colors, nor a harmony consorted only of trebles; shadows are needful in expressing of proportion, and the bass is a principal part in perfect music; the condition here alloweth no unmeddled joy; our whole life is temperate between sweet and sour, and we must all look for a mixture of both; the wise so wise; better that they still think of worse, accepting the one if it come with liking, and bearing the other without impatience, being so much masters of each other's fortunes, that neither shall work them to excess. The dwarf groweth not on the highest hill, nor the tall man loseth not his height in the lowest valley; and as a base mind, though most at ease, will be dejected, so a resolute virtue in the deepest distress is most impregnable.

Southwell.

WITH THE TIDES.

BY A. L. T.

The tides go merrily out,
And the tides come gaily in,
But over the bosom of the sea
No message of love comes home to me;
No word from the one who lingers there,
Afar in the twilight dim and fair.
The tides play all about,
And the tides play hither and there,
But never a word from the one I love,
My bonnie lad so fair.

The tides go merrily out,
And the tides come gaily in,
Afar where the blue sky meets the sea,
A white sail passes away from me.
It lingers an instant fair and bright,
Then passes away like a fairy sprite.
And the tides play all about,
And the tides play hither and there,
But never a word from the one I love,
My bonnie lad so fair.

ONE ONLY.

BY EDWIN WHELPTON.

CHAPTER I.

"TWO years have gone, Kate; you have not had word or sign. You remember what you said to me twelve months ago?"

James Towers had not the easiest way of expressing himself; his manner was brusque, his speech abrupt, he was jerky, and his sentences had always the ring of a grumble in them; but his "bark was worse than his bite," no man was more chivalrous, no heart more tender.

Kate Gresham took time to answer him; she met his eyes with appeal.

"It was wrung from me," responded she shrinkingly.

"No, no; do not say that," returned he quickly, the tone of his voice again misleading, as if he were angry. "I gave you a promise that I would not bring up the subject again for twelve months. Perhaps, a year back, I was headstrong, and did not take everything into consideration. Kate, you know how I wish to have you at my hearth. Then, as now, it was my excuse for such persistency. Come, Kate, say the word that will make me the happiest man breathing."

"It would be unjust to you, James," said she, almost pityingly.

The young man could not afford a gesture of impatience, he was so anxious, he hung upon the slightest symptom of relenting.

"Nothing of the kind, dear," urged he; "I am prepared to make allowance, to help you to, may I say, forget? I have felt it a long probation, but I don't grumble. Kate, if you really don't love me in the way I should like you to do, I am confident I have your respect, and that will suffice ——"

"More than that, James," interrupted she.

"Affection?" asked he eagerly.

"Not the affection a woman should have for the man she is to marry. I gave it once, how can I give it again? Oh, James, it is so difficult for me to express what I mean, but I feel that if I marry you I shall be unworthy of you. So unselfish a nature as yours should meet with its deserts. You are a good man, I a woman who cannot ——"

"Forgot Gerald Lansquenet," he puts in sadly. "I don't wish you to forget entirely," declared he with sudden impetuosity. "I can respect your past attachment; I love you none the less for it. I loved you before, Kate. You are hopeless of Lansquenet ever turning up, you admit that yourself. The last news has caused you, so disposed to be hopeful, to consider him dead."

"True, quite true," murmured she abstractedly and sadly.

"Then why keep me long in suspense?"

"Because I shrink from making a good man unhappy. No, no, I fear no future discomfort for myself, unless it be that I see you going about not quite satisfied. I do believe you love me, James, that you would strain every nerve to make my life pleasant; your patience, your tenderness, would be sufficient to convince me of that. As I said before, you have more than my respect."

"What do I want? The rest will come. Say the one word, dear—I ask no more."

"You fully understand why I have shrunk from giving you any encouragement—you will be quite satisfied?"

"Quite, quite," returned he eagerly.

She gave him her hand, and tendered her cheek, her measured manner and self-possession chilling, yet filling him with pride and a peculiar sense of delirious joy. But it was the satisfaction of a man who has obtained what he has coveted, the taste, that of Dead Sea fruit. It was not a complete surrender; the unalloyed delight of a woman's admission of reciprocative attachment was absent.

"I love you so much," declared he tenderly, retaining her hand, "that I would give you up, were I certain that, by doing so, it would give you a happier future."

"Will you come in now?"

"No, I will come back, and tell the squire. Let me have the knowledge of my happiness to myself for a time, I shall be all the better for it."

James Towers disappeared, and Kate Gresham walked slowly to the hall door, and entered the house despondent, almost tearful.

The foregoing may seem a strange finale to a long wooing; the man too eager, too good for the woman so reluctantly consenting. But it would be necessary to read between the lines.

Kate Gresham had promised to be a man's wife once before. The lover had ridden away and had not returned to claim her. That but for some casualty he would have returned, she did not doubt, no one doubted. Gerald Lansquenet "to the wars had gone;" he had fallen, or was a prisoner. It was just this last possibility that had caused Kate Gresham to turn a deaf ear to the more matter-of-fact James Towers. It had been a frail hope, and that hope had been knocked on the head. She was convinced of James Tower's devotion, his singleness of heart. She had endured his haunting the house, seen through his fictitious attachment to the squire, with a feeling of pity for him. She felt that it would have displayed hardihood, cruelty, had she repulsed him and sent him to the right-about.

He was one to love but one woman, and patiently wait years hoping to win her. At times she had the conviction that James Towers was more sterling than the one to whom she had given her heart. But persistency had gained the day; she had consented.

Other influences had been at work. The squire was wordless, but she could see that he was impatient.

That she, a young woman with little or no fortune, should keep a good man, an estimable man, a good catch, at arm's length was simply exasperating. She would strain and strain his patience, until he would eventually resent the tension and break with her. Then she would come to her senses, and discover what she had thrown away. There would be wet eyes and life-long regret.

Gerald Lansquenet was as fine a soldier as ever wore his Majesty's uniform, but he was of a volatile temperament. If not dead, Lansquenet had changed his mind, and was very well content to allow the conjecture to be accepted.

Kate Gresham read her uncle's thoughts; she thought that he credited himself with a bygone discernment, and she felt all this very unjust to her, for the squire had taken to Gerald from the first, looking over the head of James Towers, who the squire knew did not come to Laverdale simply to keep up acquaintance with its owner.

CHAPTER II.

A little more than two years previously, Gerald Lansquenet met Kate Gresham at the county ball. For many years it was regarded as the most successful one within living memory.

Lieutenant Lansquenet came in the train of the Pilhams, a recommendation good enough for any one. Poor Jim Towers, who had hovered about Laverdale since boyhood, was completely cut out.

Kate Gresham was attracted and her curiosity aroused the moment she saw the Pilhams. Her eyes must have magnetised the dragoon, he was vanquished the moment he saw them fixed upon him. He gracelessly deserted his friends as soon as the first dance was over, and rushed to a new-made acquaintance.

"Hit Geremie, I am a stranger here. Who is the tall girl? If you know her, introduce me, there's a good fellow."

"Hit, are you? No money!"

"Money be hanged! I'm not going to dance with money, my spurs do enough jingling."

Not one dance satisfied the lieutenant. Before the evening was over, his close attention to Kate Gresham had been commented upon.

"I call her a washed-out thing; at a distance her features are undiscernable, she is too lanky," murmured one wall-flower to another.

"And no money," responded another; "her father was a blackleg: but for her uncle Barbecue she would be earning a livlihood."

"He belongs to the Baccarats, they're all poor, and hanging on the old lord's skirts this is a younger son, too. His brother is heir presumptive to the barony. But the lord may marry again."

The squire, coming from a whist table, noticed Kate's cavalier.

"Who is he?" asked he agreeably. "Baccarat? To be sure, we were at Rugby together."

The lieutenant found no difficulty in ingratiating himself with squire. James Towers groaned in spirit when he learned that this new admirer had got an invitation to Laverdale, that the squire had offered him a mount and informed him that the Southwold hunted the county, the meets being within easy distance of the Hall.

Gerald Lansquenet was conquered, but Kate Gresham was not yet won. So far Jim Towers's well-meant attentions had satisfied her. She had no thought of marrying Jim—at least, not yet awhile; a good long while; his service amused her, his serious chivalric spirit. Still, she would never have him decried; she did not take all, and then ridicule her cavalier behind his back. Moreover, the squire and Jim got on well. Whenever the squire wanted a companion, James was not far away, and the squire would have resented any slight put upon his neighbor. There was something in James Towers's manner that soothed the squire, tickled the little pride the squire possessed. James Towers was not presuming, he would submit to be dropped, the squire believed, if the occasion warranted. James Towers had sufficient sense to know that he could not claim any equality. His estate was a miniature one, and it would not afford him any establishment as Laverdale was kept up, and Laverdale was modest. But small as was Winghill, the squire had sighed occasionally that it encroached so much on the Barbecue land.

Winghill would make a capital dower-house. But of course it is almost an insult to a man asking him to sell his house. If you cannot acquire a man's land, it is something to have it in the family. The squire had so far appreciated his neighbor, that had James Towers asked for Kate, were Kate inclined that way, he would have given his consent, and thought Kate was not doing so badly. Kate was his sister's daughter, but he had his own family to piece out. It would be a good thing to get the girl married; she had only a maintenance, and after he was gone it would be next to impossible for her to stop on at Laverdale. The squire had this one bitter memory—his only and idolised sister had made a mistake. Marrying a vagabond, he, after squandering his own money, made inroads into hers, broke her heart, killed her, went to the dogs, leaving a child for any one to look after. It was certain he had cared only for himself. The squire had squared up the miserable business and brought the child to Laverdale. There she had been ever since, and not once but many times the squire had thought that she might do worse than marry James Towers, and become mistress of the toy hall, Winghill.

Perhaps at the Lincon ball, the squire jumped to the conclusion that, after all, Jim Towers was a nobody. His father had made sails or something, ropes perhaps, at Hull; well, if it wasn't the father it was the grandfather. There might be somebody living who could call to mind the Towers' connection with trade. Now, young Lansquenet had blood; his elder brother was unmarried, far from robust, there were unlikelier things than a young fellow like this succeeding to the title. Beside the sprightly dragoon, James Towers looked an undersized fellow.

Young Lansquenet had a distinguished air, he was every inch a soldier. No wonder Kate's eyes glistened every time she heard his spurs.

If the girl was not smitten, she was not a little proud of the cavalier her bright eyes had attracted. Bravo, Kate! The squire had never troubled himself to think whether she had more than her share of good looks, but, egad! the girl was handsome, and would not disgrace the Baccarats.

"Now," said the squire to young Lansquenet, as he and his party prepared to leave the ball-room, his voice courteously measured and solemn, "if you care for a few days' or weeks' hunting, think of Laverdale."

Lieutenant Lansquenet had usurped the functions of James Towers, dancing attendance upon Kate Gresham, assisting her with her wraps, as if a cold caught by her would be death to him, James Towers giving way with some few silent imprecations. Poor Jim! he had yet sense enough to know that a display of temper would not only be childish, but lower him the one peg he had gained in the esteem and consideration of his neighbors.

"I shall come," said the lieutenant, shaking the squire's hand energetically; "I cannot afford to throw away the chance. I've so often wished to hunt in this country—have, upon my honor. Sam Siphon, Princess Charlotte's, swears there are not better runs in England."

James Towers climbed beside the coachman, feeling himself very much washed out, and on a level with the fellow who held the ribands. He wondered why, caring nothing for dancing, he had come to the ball.

Gerald Lansquenet came to Laverdale. He came for a week, he stayed a month. He exceeded his leave, but an officer allied as he was could take an occasional liberty. Then came a peremptory missive, that intimated plainly that a scion even of the Baccarats must respect rules and regulations. He would have another spin in defiance of all the colonels in the king's service. The meet at Cropper's Gorse, the best piece of hunting in the whole country—miss it? Not likely! He would wind up with that day.

He did wind up so far as the season was concerned, for he was brought home to Laverdale on a sheep-tray, a leg dislocated, his ribs injured. If his horse had not rolled over him, it had rolled upon him and kicked him.

James Towers, seeing how affairs were tending, fought shy of Laverdale. The squire thought it very considerate of James; he gave his neighbor credit for thoughtfulness and delicacy of feeling. Matters had far advanced with Kate and Gerald, the squire was sure. The young people had a fancy for corners where they could converse alone. The squire, not very quick, was near the mark. There seemed something magnetic in the touch of fingers; they saw in each other's eyes something that would cause one pair to droop, one countenance to flush slightly. It only needs some fillip to cause a man to declare and a woman to accept. Kate was a girl when Gerald first saw her, in a month she had developed into a woman.

The accident, if it did not precipitate the declaration, led up to it. But for Kate, the enforced idleness of the dragoon would have been intolerable to him. She read to him, a thing at one time he would have voted a most tedious way of killing time. She sang to him, and he comprehended that there was music infinitely superior to what was trolled out after a mess dinner. And when cards were the pastime, he insisted upon having Kate as partner.

How the troop suffered from his absence was a matter of the greatest unconcern to him. The colonel, apprised of the accident, wrote a month or two later hoping that Lieutenant Lansquenet was getting on well, and that he would soon be able to report himself. Report himself! the exacting martinet! Not until he was perfectly sound. How stupid those fools were who were in command! If a man had so far advanced as to be able to go with a stick and the support of a fair one's arm, that was not to say he would be able to ride a day without running the risk of a displacement.

Eventually Lieutenant Lansquenet was able to lay aside the stick and depend solely upon Kate Gresham's arm; a summer-house in a little bosk of trees was a favorite halting-place. But it had become clear to him that he must go. A superior officer may resent dust being thrown in his eyes month after month.

Gerald believed that now, putting his fate to the touch would not savor of precipitation. He sighed, pretending to be very miserable.

"I shall have to go, Kate," mourned he dolorously, "or Colonel Drumhead will be here, or I shall be cashiered."

"And what is that—anything dreadful?" inquired Kate anxiously.

"Very, kicked out of his Majesty's service, ruined for life."

"That must never happen," said Kate. "If I get the squire to write, the colonel will make allowances."

"You must never do that. Surgeon Verjuice would come down, report me fit for active service, if I looked more fit for a coffin. How can I drag myself away?"

Gerald Lansquenet covered his eyes with his hands, thus relinquishing his hold upon her arm. She could not mistake the tender despair in his voice.

"Kate, I am only a poor lieutenant; I can't very well marry until I get steps, but that won't be long, if only uncle Baccarat will soon kindly make room for Pertinax."

"Oh!" gasped Kate, a little horrified that her chevalier sans reproche should wish any one dead.

"He might live forever," resumed Gerald, afraid he had committed himself, "and I want you. You know he won't do anything, he's so mean. He's never forgiven Pertinax refusing to marry our cousin Bella. Pertinax was stupid. He might as well have had her, she didn't live long after it was put to him."

"Oh!" gasped Kate again. "Would you have married her?"

"I don't know; I wasn't asked; I shouldn't had I seen you. Kate, will you wait a little time for me—until things turn round, you know? Say you will, and I'll put it to the old—squire, eh? I'll explain it to him."

Lieutenant Lansquenet's hand had long been drawn from his eyes, his arm had not been broken, and he felt it very much at his service.

He contrived to encircle Kate's waist with it; she seemed scarcely conscious of his action. He was further emboldened, the ripe lips were so tempting. There was excuse for him.

"Kate, you love me? Say you love me, Kate."

Kate Gresham's eyes met his, her eyelids did not droop, then her head sank on his manly bosom.

Happily the lovers thought only of each other. They were not in a conspicuous place; still, they were seated where any one might come upon them, and not be accused of sneaking and spying.

James Towers was coming across the fields to the Hall. He wished to see the squire, and it was a force-put; he would have stayed away had he followed his inclination.

He arrived at a critical moment. He saw the embrace, and it was confirmation of his opinion of what the lieutenant's long stay would lead to.

Lieutenant Lansquenet was in love with Kate, and, what to James Towers was more depressing, Kate was in love with Lieutenant Lansquenet.

Fortunately he had not been seen, the lovers were too much engrossed with each other. If he kept on, they would see him, and doubtless come to the unwarrantable conclusion that he had been playing the part of a spy.

The lieutenant would rise up, and angrily give the affront—proceed to an act of violence in his wrath. Under any other circumstances James Towers would have pressed on, the thought coming into his head would have urged him on.

He was not afraid of the lieutenant, tall as he was; James Towers had as much pluck as here and there one, and perhaps as much strength in his well-knit little frame.

The squire's eyes flickered a little at sight of his neighbor.

That nuisance, conscience, arraigns us when we have been guilty of unworthy mental activity, of plotting that is not indictable, and which we know no one can suspect us of.

James Towers had no flickering eye, he spoke without a tremor, and the squire felt himself awfully despicable, his past glorification of himself contemptible, his superiority fictitious.

James Towers was hard hit, he had received a back-hand blow and could not well retaliate.

It was a silent martyrdom; he did not mean to allow any one to guess, by so much as the shadow of a drawn line, the depth of his misery.

The squire almost truckled to his neighbor, but Towers did not relax in the slightest degree. He had a most solid front, and spoke as a man of business. The squire was a little irritated, for he had more than an impression that James Towers read him, looking over any smallness of mind or pettiness of action.

"I told you I would let you know if I heard of a horse that would suit your

weight. I've been over to Lincoln and tried him, and I believe he is as honest as daylight. I've a veterinary to look at him, and he has no ill word. But you must not delay going over. I would have brought him, but didn't know for certain whether you were suited."

"Ah, we haven't seen much of you lately. You've been out, though?"

"Out? no—well, yes, I went to York one day and returned the next."

"So kind of you to be at so much trouble," said the squire uneasily.

"I am not one to think much of trouble, Mr. Barbecue."

"Well, no; I can't say you are a fellow to think much of what you do. You'll stay and dine?"

"No, thank you, I'll get away home. I expect to have to go out, and I want to pack."

"Won't you stay? My wife will take me to task, and Kate—Kate will be glad to see you."

"I don't doubt my welcome, sir, but I must not stay."

"Pardon me, James: did you think anything of Kate? At one time I was inclined to think you did."

The squire could no longer contain himself.

"My dear sir," said James Towers with the nearest approach to a smile, "I have thought a good deal of her, always shall think of her. I always thought my appreciation of her was understood. I am not mistaken."

James Towers was hitting the squire very hard.

"Yes, yes. Well, my dear boy, I am sorry if it is a disappointment, but who would ever have dreamed of this coming to pass? I certainly invited Lansquenet over for a few weeks. Baccarat and I were at school together. When Lansquenet's name was mentioned, I felt a little stirred, you know; one can't forget one's youth and one's school days. But who would ever have thought of anything following his coming here? But it's that accident; and after all, there may be nothing; nothing has been said to me. He'll go in a few days, and there'll be no more of it."

"He'll show up a bad scamp, then," said James, losing his caution.

"Heigh, heigh! Do you think so? Do you know anything?"

"I am not in their confidence," returned James, recovering himself. "I am speaking from what you say. Any man is a scoundrel who leads a woman on and then leaves her in the lurch."

"You're right; they are scamps such fellows," agreed the squire facilely. "Well, well, I don't know, but if it does come to pass, she might do worse. Good family—Lansquenet's brother comes in for the estates. I don't think it likely Baccarat will marry again."

"I hope he won't if Kate's future is to depend upon that," returned James Towers.

"Well, you know, Kate cannot expect to do better any way; what she has is next to nothing."

"That would not weigh with a man who loved her."

"Very true; but you know some do look at that."

A light tap came at the door, then it opened.

"I want a word or two," began Lieutenant Lansquenet—— "Ah! beg pardon, thought you were alone; another time will do."

"I am going," said James Towers, for the benefit of both; "so good afternoon, Mr. Barbecue. My business with the squire is over," said James Towers, turning to the lieutenant.

"Oh, thank you," said Gerald, eyeing James loftily: then recognizing him, he adopted a different tone. "Oh, it is Mr. Towers! How d'ye do? If you're going —— There's nothing like striking when the iron is hot, eh?"

Within the week, the horse James Towers had found for the squire was in the Laverdale stables, the lieutenant gone.

The squire rode over to Wingbill to show himself on his horse and express his satisfaction, he had heard that James Towers was yet at home.

"By-the-bye, James," said the squire, "when Lansquenet came in upon us it was to ask my consent to his and Kate's engagement. He spoke very well. It's not to come off until he gets his step. That won't be long first, I dare wager my life; he's got powerful friends, and there's money among his people."

"I wish his speedy rise, and her every happiness," said James Towers promptly. "I think the horse has improved since last I saw him."

"I never saw a horse with a better chine," said the squire, regarding James with a feeling akin to awe. After all, the lieutenant, with his regimentals, his good birth, his friends, might be a poor creature, compared with Jim Towers. Lansquenet would not have accepted defeat so gracefully. The squire was again irritated. "Why on earth had not Towers put best leg foremost? The girl had been under his nose long enough. He ought to have made better way."

When the squire got back to Laverdale, the postman had called and left. He had but one letter and it was for Kate. She was in tears.

Lieutenant Lansquenet had been ordered out, he was doubtful whether time would permit him to run up to Laverdale. But he wrote in good spirits—he would get his rise and be able to claim her.

CHAPTER III.

IF it be a man's supreme happiness attaining what he most ardently desires in this world, then was James Towers the happiest man breathing.

It is true there was a dash of acridity in the cup, but unadulterated sweetness is apt to satiate or cloy.

It was to be his study not to allow this taste to weigh heavily upon his mind, his duty to assist the years to remove it.

And Kate? The squire's countenance had cleared. He had been inclined to be severe with her, keeping a good man at arm's length, nursing the frailest of hopes. The squire was master in the house, and would have raised the roof had any one presumed to take Kate to task.

Wife and son and daughters would take their cue from him. Were he distant or cold, they could be distant or cold; if he spoke, that was not to say they could echo his remarks.

When his olive-branches came over, they could confer in conclave, but give no expression to their feelings and opinion. What could Kate be thinking of? She ought to feel herself lucky, that a man like James Towers should take to her again after her flight.

Lansquenet might have been in earnest, in earnest while he was in the house. They had thought it a wonderful piece of good fortune.

But it had come to nothing, and Kate must take the good the gods provide. They had a sorer question—did Kate expect to stay at Laverdale all her life? The squire's life, maybe; with all his brood married, she, in a way, had become necessary to him.

But if anything happened to the squire, Francis's wife would wish to have the house to herself, she was not a woman to tolerate any one.

Certainly Kate would be company for mother, but in the course of nature mother must follow the squire, and then, poor gentility!

Surely they were not to live to be disgraced with a needy old maid, a poor relation.

Kate seeking a situation was an uncomfortable thing to contemplate. Happily all were restored to an equable frame of mind when the intelligence was spread that Kate had at last accepted James Towers.

It was now "dear Kate," "when Kate gets to Wingbill," "Wingbill so handy when Laverdale is full." "They can go to Frank's for the honeymoon, if they don't abroad."

It was no less kind than astonishing the amount of thought there was for the fiancee—the planning and forecasting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

After All.

BY M. L. B.

"BY the way, old fellow, have you met the new beauty, Miss Lansing?" asks Roy Gilbert of his friend, Harold Denmark.

To-day they have accidentally met at a seaside hotel, after a separation of several years, and, having been chums and bosom friends before, they are nothing loth to resume their old intimacy.

"No," answers Harold, lazily puffing away at his cigar, and sending great rings of smoke into the air; "I have never met her. They say she is beautiful, attractive, and quite the fashion, but a consummate flirt. I detest a flirt. If I were egotistical enough to suppose that I were sufficiently charming to ensnare the affections of Miss Lansing, I should probably show her that two can play at that game. It would furnish amusement for me, at any rate, during my stay here."

"But you might not prove adamant yourself, and be unable to withstand the many charms of the lady in question. What then?"

"Never fear, my dear fellow; I have met too many beautiful women in my time to succumb easily now."

Meanwhile, Nora Lansing, from her seat at the window, has distinctly heard every word passed between the two friends in regard to herself.

Having come down, new novel in hand, to while away the hour until bathing time, she had taken a seat there, not heeding the murmur of their voices until the sound of her own name fell upon her ear, and then, impelled by an irresistible impression, she had listened to it all.

Now, as she sees Harold Denmark rise and saunter away, after expressing his intentions in so plain a manner, she clenches her small fist, and an angry light leaps into her eyes.

"I detest him? How dare he speak so of me?" she says, passionately, stamping her tiny foot upon the floor. "I am not a flirt; but I suppose I can be one, if I choose; and —ah, well! only wait, sir!"

"Miss Lansing, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Denmark."

After having given the introduction Roy Gilbert moves away, leaving his friend in full possession of the field.

After the first quiet drooping of the eyes and the bright flush has died out of her cheek at thus standing face to face with her acknowledged foe, Nora Lansing recovers herself, and laughs and talks so pleasantly that Harold begins doubting whether he ought to have judged her quite so harshly.

He claims more than one waltz that evening, and as he clasps her supple waist, and they glide down the long ball-room in such perfect harmony, he confesses to himself that he has never enjoyed a dance so much, nor had so charming a partner.

But at last he has to relinquish her in favor of another, and with a regretful sigh he wanders away to the conservatory, and there, among the shrubbery and flowers, falls into a deep study.

He is aroused by the sound of a musical laugh quite near, and looking up, he finds Roy Gilbert and Nora Lansing just on the other side of a huge plant that stands directly in the way of egress.

Therefore he cannot escape hearing her words as she says, with a very light laugh—

"Yes, your friend, Mr. Denmark, may be all that is nice and charming, but I do not at all admire his style."

Harold hears no more, for Miss Lansing now expresses a desire to return to the ball-room; but an unaccountable feeling of pain steals into his heart, which he stifles in a moment, and impatiently exclaims, "This is truly a nice beginning after my words of yesterday! But she is a most bewitching creature, and lovely enough to win any man's heart."

Nora Lansing, attired in a charming costume of cool muslin and lace, wends her way down the beach, the object of many admiring eyes.

Out of the reach of the crowd, she turns her footsteps in the direction of a favorite seat of hers far out on a projecting rock over the sea, and settling herself on a pile of dry sea-weed, opens her book preparatory to having a quiet hour all by herself.

She reads on and on, nor notes the flight of time until the sound of water lapping against the rock attracts her attention, and looking around, she discovers that the tide is already coming in, completely cutting off her escape, by surrounding the rock upon which she sits.

But assistance is near at hand, for Harold Denmark is loitering on the beach, and springing into a boat, he immediately sets out in the direction of the forlorn little figure that stands with clasped hands and frightened face upon the remaining speck of terra firma.

As he lifts her into the boat, a confused expression comes into her face.

"How can I find words with which to express my gratitude to you for saving my life?" she hastily exclaims.

"By not troubling yourself to find them at all, for I assure you I am glad to have rendered you a service."

Then, looking steadily into the sweet face, he asks, slowly, "Why is it that you despise me so?"

"I do not despise you," she answered. "How could you imagine such a thing?"

"At any rate, you do not like my style. That much I have heard from your own lips, Miss Lansing. I overheard you in the conservatory that evening—you remember?"

"Oh, forgive me!" she exclaims. "I am sorry I said so. But I also overheard a conversation—yours with Mr. Gilbert, the first day you came. You remember what you said, do you not? I heard your unjust opinion of myself, and, naturally, it angered me."

"But I did not know you then," he says, a tender light coming into his eyes. "You are so different from what I thought. You are now the one woman in all the world to me. I love you, Nora; will you be my wife?"

For answer, she only lifts her trusting brown eyes to his face.

Therein he slowly reads his fate, and is satisfied.

Afterwards, as he slips the betrothal ring upon her finger, a merry light comes into her eyes, and she asks him—

"So you think you were sufficiently charming to ensnare the affections of Miss Lansing?"

"No, my darling, but I entered upon a game at which I thought two could play, and I am defeated by the charms of my opponent."

THE SHADOW OF A MULE.—The Greeks had a proverb which ran thus: "To dispute on the shadow of a mule."

This took rise from an anecdote which Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians, to excite their attention during his defense of a criminal, which was being but inattentively listened to.

"A traveler," he said, "once went from Athens to Megara on a hired mule. It happened to be the time of the dog days, and at noon. He was much exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun, and not finding so much as a bush under which to take shelter, he bethought himself to descend from the mule and seat himself under its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring to him that when he let the animal the use of its shadow was not included in the bargain. The dispute at last grew so warm that it came to blows, and finally gave rise to an action of law."

After having said so much, Demosthenes continued the defense of his client; but the auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were extremely anxious to know how the judges decided on so singular a cause. Upon this, the orator commented severely on their childish injustice, in devouring with attention a paltry story about a mule's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day, when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great and important ones, he was said "to dispute on the shadow of a mule."

EMPRESS ELIZABETH, of Austria, says that she never intends to wash the feet of any more old women on Maunday Thursday, but shall follow the precedent of this year and present useful gifts to a selected number of ancient females.

Scientific and Useful.

CORK BRICKS.—German builders use a mixture of cork, sand and lime molded into bricks for the construction of light partition walls. They say it excludes sound better than brick-work, is light and a non-conductor of heat.

TO RESTORE FADED WRITING.—Faded ink on old documents, papers, parchments, etc., may be so restored as to render the writing perfectly legible. The process consists in moistening the paper with water, and then passing over the lines a brush which has been wetted with a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The writing will immediately appear quite dark in color, and this color in the case of parchment will be preserved. On paper, however, the color gradually fades again.

IN A DRUG-STORE.—A novel application of electricity is shown in a pharmacy at Berlin. To prevent mistakes in dispensing medicines each bottle which contains highly deleterious or poisonous drugs is made by its own weight to hold open a circuit closer connected with a battery and vibrating bell. The weight of the bottle being removed the push button beneath it rises by the force of a spring and contact is made. Of course when the customer and the clerk both hear the warning bell attention is at once called to the label, and an error may thus be corrected before it is too late.

FOR WALLS AND CEILING.—As a finish or covering for walls and ceilings, pulverized steatite is coming into use quite satisfactorily. It is simply soapstone. It takes a high polish, is pearl gray in tint, is said to present the best possible surface for painting, either in oil or water-color, and, what is very desirable, will neither crack nor chip. It is claimed for it that it is a non-absorbent; that it can be washed without injury; nails can be driven into it without damage. When subject to heat, moisture and chemical fumes it gives no smell, and it does not turn yellow with age. It is thought to be specially adapted for hospitals, factories, cellars, markets, etc.

PLANTING WILLOWS.—A German official has been recommending the extensive planting of basket willows on the slopes of railway embankments and evacuations, and particularly where the soil is loose. These willows have been tried on one of the principal railways of Prussia and have answered admirably. A perfect network is made by the roots, which binds the whole surface firmly, the thick green growth transforming the raw and ghastly gashes in the earth into a beautiful thicket. The men who take care of and watch the track can easily care for the willows, which grow readily in dry as well as wet soil, if it is a little loose, and where there is market for basket material the growth can be profitable.

Farm and Garden.

BUTTERMILK.—Although buttermilk is usually fed to pigs, yet it is excellent on the family table as a refreshing drink, and should be more generally used.

THE BIRDS.—Do all you can to encourage the birds. They are your best friends. Protect them and their nests, and keep a watch on the family cats, which do the birds much damage.

SHEEP.—White clover is the best grass that can be grown for sheep. Sheep are not partial to tall grass, and the white clover will always be selected by them in preference to other kinds.

THE AGED.—Aged animals should be fed ground food, as they cannot grind whole grains, the consequence being a waste of food unless the food be ground. By so doing a smaller proportion of food will be required, while the animals will keep in better condition.

THE HORSE.—Whenever a horse is washed never leave him until he is rubbed quite dry. He will probably get a chill if neglected. Never beat the horse when in the stable, as nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious. The hand-pieces of driving reins frequently become smooth from use, causing the hands to shift. In such cases rub the lines with powdered resin.

HINTS.—Fine, silky hair on an animal indicates that it will fatten readily, while coarse, stiff hair indicates the reverse. As the weather becomes warm the lice in the hen-houses will find a starting point from the nests containing the setting hens. If you keep bees prepare a piece of ground to be sown in buckwheat as soon as the weather shall become warm.

FOWLS.—The Dorking is now receiving some attention as a market fowl. In this country it has been somewhat overlooked, but in England it is regarded as the best of breeds for market and the table. Crossed on Brahma hens, the Dorking produces fine broilers, the largest capons, and an excellent general-purpose fowl, as the crossed fowl lays better than either parent.

TO PURIFY WATER.—Of numerous methods recommended by recognized authorities to purify drinking water, the following is very simple and worthy of thorough trial: "Dissolve half an ounce of pure alum in a cup of boiling water, pouring into a quart measure, and filling up with cold water. Keep it in a bottle labelled 'alum solution.' An ordinary teaspoonful is the right amount to add to a gallon of water. No harm would be done if two or ten were added; one is sufficient. As different waters vary, it may be found that less will answer."

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The Wisdom of Enduring.

It is mostly wise to bear the ills of life patiently. How often do we hear the words, "Make the best of it," spoken lightly, or without any thought of their real meaning, and yet there is sometimes more heroism in always looking on the bright side of things than in performing grand deeds when carried away by enthusiasm.

There are some people to whom the whole life is a "bad job" which they are obliged to make the best of — poverty, every day worries and trials of many kinds surround them on every side; their roses seem to have more thorns than other people's, and in their cup of pleasure lurks always the bitter drop. If they belong to that class who sit down with folded hands and cry, "It is Fate;" "I was born under an unlucky star, and it is of no use to resist Fate," it will go badly with them, and they will find their troubles harder to bear.

Life, taken at its best, has after all more clouds than sunshine; but for this, in a great measure, we have only ourselves to blame. The man who looks at everything in its most favorable light has far more pleasure in his life than he who succumbs to the first blow and allows Fate to conquer him, instead of him conquering Fate. There are those who wilfully shut their eyes to the silver lining which belongs to every cloud; they go through life in the shade, so to speak, and are always on the lookout for misfortunes; one might almost fancy they felt aggrieved when they failed to find them.

When adversity's icy breath does come near such persons, they abandon themselves to despair, refusing any consolation, but giving themselves up to brooding on their sorrow, and they are quite, quite sure it will get worse instead of better.

Then, when their friends are in trouble, what prophets of evil they are, shaking their heads with an "I told you so" expression, and predicting all manner of evil. They live in an atmosphere where no ray of sunshine is ever admitted; in the chambers of their hearts the blinds are always kept down. Let us leave them, and come where we can see God's sun shining and breathe a purer air.

When sorrow comes to those who make the best of things, it meets with very different reception. The blow may crush them for a moment, but the next instant they are up again, to use a homely simile, like an India rubber ball, ready to do battle with their grief and conquer it, instead of allowing it to overcome them. They first console themselves by thinking how much worse it might have been, and then set to work to try and find a remedy.

They do not act as wet blankets to their friends by constant moaning, for those who look on life's brightest side for themselves, invariably impart some of that brightness to the lives of others. Sunshine does not confine itself to one spot; it diffuses itself. I own at first it may be uphill work, all the brightness may seem to have gone out of life, but it will return sooner or later.

"Everything comes to him who knows how to wait." Different people have different things in life to make the best of, and these vary with the class as well as with the individual.

Sometimes, and this is one of the saddest cases, trouble is one's life companion. Perhaps the ideal which our own glowing fancy has created has lost its borrowed beauty, and we find we have been giving gold and receiving not even silver, but a far baser metal in return. If we are weak and foolish we cling to illusion; we shut our eyes to the flaw in our ideal and lull ourselves to rest in a fool's paradise!

But if we are wise, we lower the pedestal on which our idol was enshrined, tear away the mock finery with which it was adorned, and with our eyes opened and our delusions vanished, set to work manfully to make the best of a bad job. Our life need not necessarily be spoilt because our cherished idol is made of clay, instead of the imagined porcelain.

There is a bright side still if we look for it. If our ideal has lost the imaginary qualities with which our foolish fancy invested it, it may possess others more satisfactory and practical; and even if not, life can never be very dark to those who have courage enough to make the best of everything. It will be made up in other ways; happiness will come in some form or other, for "God helps those who help themselves."

We should also do well to remember the old proverb about "crying over spilt milk," for a fearful amount of time is wasted in repining over the "might have been;" time which, some day, we may wish had been turned to better account.

With regard to the provocations and offenses which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world, take it as a rule, as a man's pride is, so is always his displeasure; as the opinion of himself rises, so does the injury, so does his resentment; 'tis this which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him, and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable. See how different the case is with the humble man. One half of these painful conflicts he actually escapes; the other part fall lightly on him. He provokes no man by contempt; thrusts himself forward as the mark of no man's envy; so that he cuts off the first fretful occasions of the greatest part of these evils. And for those in which the passions of others would involve him, like the shrub in the valley, gently gives way and scarce feels the injury of those stormy encounters which rend the proud cedar and tear it up by the roots.

It is fair to say that one third of the people of the country hurry their death by the want of sensible method that makes them hurry and worry their way through life. They are in a hurry and a worry from morning till night. They usually hurry and worry over breakfast; hurry and worry over catching a car, or otherwise getting to their business; and it is little else than a hurry or worry in a greater or less degree until they end the day's work by trying to hurry themselves into wakefulness, until the hours of sweetest rest are past. When they are not fretfully hurrying, they are fretfully worrying. Instead of taking things as they come, and doing the best they can with content, they worry themselves into perspiration, into needless colds, into irritating indigestion, and into chronic ill temper, all of which hurry death.

Truth is no disposition more agreeable to the person himself or more agreeable to others than good humor. It is to the mind what good health is to the body, putting a man in the capacity of enjoying everything that is agreeable to life, and of using every faculty without clog or impediment. It disposes to contentment with our lot, to benevolence to all men, and to sympathy with the distressed. It presents every object in the most favorable light, and disposes us to avoid giving or taking offense.

Conscience is not merely a director for moments of action or decision; it should be a constant guide, urging every man to think rightly as well as to act rightly, and to that end to enlighten his mind, increase his knowledge, strengthen his judgment, thus fitting him to pursue the duties and fill the relations of life with ever-increasing excellence. Some people are accustomed to speak of conscientiousness and intelligence as if they were something separate, but when the true kingdom of conscience becomes established it will be found to embrace the growth of intelligence as one of its most important elements.

What other man speaks so often and vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life; and being a consequence of the nature of such vices, and almost inseparable from them, the effects of it are generally so gross and absurd that, where pity does not forbid, it is pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the several turnings and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on.

We all of us talk so loud against vicious characters, and are so unanimous in our cry against them, that an inexperienced man, who only trusted his ears, would imagine the whole world in an uproar about it, and that mankind were all associating together to hunt vice utterly out of the world. Shift the scene, and let him behold the reception which vice meets with; he will see the conduct and behavior of the world towards it so opposite to their declarations, he will find all he heard so contradicted by what he saw, as to leave him in doubt which of his senses he is to trust, or in which of the two cases mankind were really in earnest.

He that is little in his own eye, is little too in his desires, and consequently moderate in his pursuit of them. Like another man he may fail in his attempts and lose the point he aimed at, but that is all; he loses not himself, he loses not his peace of mind and happiness with it. Even the contentions of the humble man are mild and placid. Blessed character! When such a one is thrust back, who does not pity him? When he falls, who would not stretch out a hand to raise him up?

Truth sits upon our lips like the natural notes of some melodies, ready to drop out, whether we will or no. It racks no invention to let ourselves alone, and needs fear no critic, to have the same excellency in the heart, which appears in the action.

Remember this plain distinction, a mistake in which has ruined thousands—that your conscience is not a law. No, God and reason made the law, and have placed conscience within you to determine.

People build houses by putting all the carved stone and embellishments on the front, and all the cheap brick at the back. Some characters are built in the very same way.

That "experience teaches fools," says Whately, is a lie; for the man who profits by his experience is the wise one. The fool profits not by his own experience or that of others.

A man is never astonished or ashamed that he don't know what another does, but he is surprised at the gross ignorance of the other in not knowing what he does.

You give me nothing during your life, but you promise to provide for me at your death. If you are not a fool, you know what I wish for.

It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he who loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

True brave only know how to forgive. It is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.

The seat of knowledge is in the head; of wisdom, in the heart. We are sure to judge wrong if we do not feel right.

The World's Happenings.

The President is an expert in rose gardening.

The Marquis of Bute is breeding goats on his Scotch estates.

Malaria is the name of a newly established postoffice in Mecklenburg county, Va.

A manufactory of bogus rare old coins is said to have been found by detectives in Pittsburg.

During the last year no fewer than 5,000 regular soldiers deserted from the ranks of the British army.

Ahmed Ben Ahlua an Algerian who has just died, killed 89 lions and as many panthers during his time.

Wood steeped in a solution of iron sulphate or copperas becomes very hard and almost indestructible.

A "jubilee drink" is being advertised in London. A "jubilee coffin" had already made its appearance.

A mitrailleuse is being tried in the Austrian army which is said to be able to fire 1000 bullets in 90 seconds.

The latest musical conceit in New York city is the organization of a quartet of male voices for service at swell funerals.

Italian astronomers place the age of the world at 80,000,000 years, and are agreed that it has been peopled for about 50,000,000.

For sweeping waste and rubbish into the streets of New York nearly 300 persons were arrested in that city one day recently.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, takes snuff when traveling in very hot regions. He says that it helps to preserve his eyesight.

The Duke of Beira, infant Prince of Portugal, has seven cradles, which he occupies in daily rotation by instruction of the court physician.

A clock whose dial is to be 50 feet in diameter, and which is claimed as the biggest in the world, is in course of construction in New York.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is reported to take the part of his daughter-in-law in her quarrels with her husband, Crown Prince Rudolf.

After many fruitless efforts in that direction, a local society in Cincinnati has succeeded in having four actors fined $25 each for acting on Sunday.

A recent temperance lecturer propounded the theory that the bicycle is a means of grace, since none but a perfectly sober man can ride one successfully.

President McCosh declares that since he abolished secret societies at Princeton there has been better order, less drinking and less opposition to the faculty.

Brooklyn has a Rheumatism Club. Its object is more cheerful than its name would imply, being "to promote social intercourse among young people."

Everything in the British House of Lords is in red. The walls and ceilings are bright with this color, while the desks and seats are upholstered in red leather.

"How the Saviour's Birthday Was Beautifully Observed in Omaha," was the way in which an Omaha paper headed its account of the Easter services in that city.

A sort of Free Masonry, it is said, exists among the Chinese that finds expression on goods sent to their laundry. Certain signs mean "bad pay," "no good," etc.

Bean shooters in the hands of boys have caused such a boom in the window glass business in Pittsburg as to call for an order from the police authorities prohibiting their sale.

In Bulgaria a journal is published in almost every town and village where there is a printing office, only all the papers contain the same matter and differ only in their titles.

A party of over 50 school girls attacked the Governor of California at Red Bluff, in that State, recently, and succeeded in obtaining a kiss apiece before he could be rescued.

The great American eagle takes his spring lamb without mince sauce. He has played havoc with the little woolly backs in Grant county, Oregon, this spring. One farmer lost nine lambs in one day.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker advocates the reorganization of the New York police force, with a woman as Superintendent, and the appointment of an equal number of men and women in the ranks.

A drummer, attempting to elope with his best girl from Augusta, Ga., was arrested as a horse-thief by the man from whom he had hired the buggy, but managed to escape the law in time to get married.

A bird's nest found on a roof near the United States Mint in Washington was beautifully lined with gold. The parent bird had carried off gold dust in its feathers and shaken them out in its tiny home.

A thief stole the coat of Rev. D. H. Parry, of Brooklyn, while the latter was preaching on a recent Sunday, carrying off the manuscript of his sermon on "The Wages of Sin," which was in a pocket of the garment.

Queen Olga, of Greece, is fond of swimming, and a pond lined with white marble is to be constructed in the grounds of the royal palace at Athens, so that the Queen can disport herself with her attendants like Diana and her maids.

A native Persian lectured before a Sunday-school in New York lately, and a published report states that the young ladies of the audience laughed when he told how the Persian youth was allowed to take one kiss from his future wife on the eve before their marriage, provided he could find her in a dark room full of other ladies. They were silent and sympathetic when he told how, although he was engaged for three years, he never got one kiss in all that time.

FROM GLARE AND CROWD.

BY P. B. MAULE.

Tell why I love her? Tell me why,
Turning from murky town and pushing men,
You love the wood-land path, the placid sky.
I'll answer then.

Why do I love her? Analyze
Where in the violet's breath the perfume is,
Where in the music's strain the tears arise.
Can you do this?

Tell why I love her? Yes, when you
Reveal the secrets which in snowdrops lie,
Or strain the beauty from the drops of dew.
Then I'll tell why.

Why do I love her? First make clear
Whence steals thro' minster aisles the restful spell
That fills with mystic sense the atmosphere.
I then will tell.

Yes, love, to thee I turn from glare and crowd,
Tender as dales in spring, as summer's cloud,
Soothing as gentlest song, soft as perfume,
Purer than beads of dew, than snowdrop's bloom.
I in thy presence rest, where tumults cease,
The minster gate is closed, within is peace.

"Monsieur Henri."

BY ANNETTE CALTHROP.

"BON soir, Petit," said a cheery voice; and an old lady put her head, one summer evening, into a small, meagrely-furnished bedroom on the fifth floor of a tall house in the Koenig Strasse, Stuttgart, Wurtemberg.

A young girl, standing by an open window, watching sunset effects in the long, narrow, picturesque street, turned quickly at the sound. She was a pretty girl, Frances Burnet by name, with a slight, elegant figure, a lively, intelligent face, large grey eyes, and a quantity of red-brown hair.

"Good evening, and welcome, madame," she exclaimed with a bright smile, and in French, spoken with a decided English accent.

The new-comer, an old lady, with straight brown hair, sprinkled with grey, laid a wrinkled hand caressingly on the girl's head, and looked down on her with the sweetest and kindest of blue eyes.

"You are better, my child?"

"I am quite well, madame. The doctor told me this morning that all fear of infection was over. You will let me join you in the salon to-morrow?" pleadingly.

"Only too willingly. We have been desolated without you—all of us. My husband was saying only this evening how glad he should be to see you amongst us again."

Frances Burnet was a boarder under the roof of the old lady and her husband, Madame and Monsieur Norele. She had come to Stuttgart for instruction in music, French and German, with a view of ultimately gaining her livelihood by teaching.

The girl belonged on the mother's side to a family of some consequence, and of large wealth in the North of England—none the less, on that account, was she dependent on her own exertions. Her mother had irretrievably offended her own relations by marriage with a poor man of social position inferior to her own; she died within a few years of that, and, two years before this story opens, Frances' father followed his wife.

The girl's existence was ignored by her rich grandfather: she found, at her father's death, that her sole possession in the world was a sum of money under two hundred pounds. It was after consultation with the few English acquaintances who were qualified to give her advice that she had, with the aid of this money, gone to Germany, and established herself with the Noreles. The result, so far, had been almost unmixed happiness for herself. At once she had found friends.

Monsieur Norele, who, like his wife, was a French Swiss, held the post of French professor to the principal scholastic institutions in Stuttgart, and to the Wurtemberg royal family; he was a man of intellectual power, of a high sense of rectitude, and of a fine, somewhat stern character; Frances respected and admired him exceedingly.

His wife was all gentleness and indulgence—a charming old lady, with a loving, childlike nature, and a faith—actually unshaken by an experience of over fifty years—in all the world.

Her heart had gone out to the foreigner and the orphan whom circumstances had placed under her care. Frances looked upon her, and with good reason, as a second mother.

On the evening when we find the old lady and her charge together, the girl was recovering from a slight attack of measles, which, by reason of its infectious character, had kept her prisoner for a fortnight in her own room.

Madame Norele seated herself on a capacious sofa, covered with some woollen material in dingy red; she adjusted a pair of spectacles, and produced from her pocket a sock to be "re-footed," a pair of knitting needles, and a ball of grey worsted.

"It is Thursday—our evening for cards, as you will remember," she said knitting briskly. "Only Monsieur Scherer came; and truly it seems a pity to take up indoor amusements on these lovely summer evenings. Monsieur Scherer has been telling us our fortunes on the cards. Now he has begun a game of dominoes with my husband, and I slipped away to you; fearing that you might be dull.

"And what is Monsieur Henri doing?—he came to Stuttgart this morning, did he not?" The girl's face was turned away as she spoke; she looked down again below into the street, where evening shadows were deepening and lengthening, and where lights were beginning to twinkle out in casements opposite.

"Henri!—yes, he is here, and he is to stay till Saturday. I left him reading his newspaper; he never plays cards now, you know. Sometimes I think that he laughs in his sleeve at Monsieur Scherer and his fortune-telling. But"—pursing up her lips and assuming a mysterious expression—"I do not laugh—not I. Monsieur Scherer has told me"—madame picked up a fallen stitch—"some strange things to-night. He said that I had something on my mind—something important—which even my husband did not know. And"—with a wise little nod, as of some secret knowledge—"he was quite right—only think!"

"Something on your mind, madame? It has"—Frances closed the window and took a low seat by the old lady's side—"to do with Monsieur Henri, then, I guess."

Monsieur Henri was Madame Norele's only son. He was born in Germany, and at an early age had entered the German army; amiable, impulsive, possessed of a singularly winning, but unstable character, he had not always been able to steer clear of injurious influences by which he was surrounded in his professional career.

Some three years ago, when he had just obtained his captaincy, he found himself confronted with large gambling debts, which it was utterly impossible for him to pay.

In this strait his father came to his aid. Moved, possibly, by pride, and by a stern sense of duty, rather than by affection for his son, the old Stuttgart professor paid the debts to the last farthing, out of his own hardly-earned savings, but he did so only on one severe condition: Captain Norele must leave the army and his unwisely selected friends at once, and for ever. As for himself, the call for money came very hardly upon him.

He had to relinquish a long cherished, a long desired hope—which had just seemed near realization—of retiring from active life and living on his means; he even increased the number of his pupils, and settled down with a silent and rather grim recognition of the inevitable, to a life more laborious and plodding than of old.

Madame Norele reduced the expenses of her household, and looked about her for boarders, who might bring her in a profit of some marks monthly.

At present her house was empty, but for Frances, whose circumstances precluded anything like liberal remuneration for board and lodging; but the unoccupied rooms were not likely to remain vacant long.

Henri, meanwhile, had been established by his father on a lonely farm, called Fuchshof (The Fox's Court) lying amid high bleak hills and desolate romantic country, about forty miles from Stuttgart. The young man's life there was very solitary, and it seemed the more so from its contrast with the old life with the regiment. Henri Norele was essentially social—a man of many accomplishments, of easy courteous manners, and of a clinging affectionate nature.

He accepted his uncongenial position meekly, with an ashamed sense that it exceeded his deserts, and he performed his new duties as a farmer with praiseworthy punctuality, if with little enthusiasm.

Occasionally he went over to the old home for a day, or couple of days; his father received him with formal politeness, but with no trace of parental affection: the professor had never forgiven his son's extravagance.

His mother, on the contrary, was always overjoyed to see him; he was her idol, the pride of her heart: she would have held no sacrifice too great to make, or when made, to forget for his dear sake.

"Henri has been steadiness itself, in that dreary Fuchshof," she said sometimes to her husband, pleading, with tears in her sweet eyes, for a warmer welcome for her son. The professor listened in obdurate silence.

"You have no cause for anxiety about Monsieur Henri?" asked Frances Burnet.

Madame Norele looked up. Frances' suspicion seemed to her as amazingly shrewd, as Monsieur Scherer's deduction from the position of certain cards had been talented. She put down her work and patted it thoughtfully; her mind was divided between her desire to make a confident and her sense of the wisdom of reserve. Communicativeness finally triumphed over prudence.

"I will tell you all about the affair," the old lady said at last, with a sigh of relief; the keeping of a secret was as irksome as to the veriest child. Then, taking off her spectacles and laying aside her knitting, she began in a confidential tone:

"Ever since I went to Fuchshof a month ago—you will remember my visit, Mauslein"—(Mauslein—little mouse—was one of madame's pet names for Frances)—"I have had my poor Henri much upon my mind. It was hay-harvest then; Henri worked hard—far too hard—all day long; and in the evening there was no amusement for him but his piano, which he was too tired to play. He did not complain—Henri never complains—but I became more than ever convinced that the present state of things could not go on for him. I saw, in fact, that it was my clear duty, on my return to Stuttgart, to find a wife, to relieve the tedium of his life."

"A wife!" Frances hurriedly took up a piece of needlework from a table near and bent her head over it.

"Yes, dear, and I have not"—with a complacent smile—"let the grass grow under my feet, I can tell you. I have only, as you know, been home a month, and I think I may say that the lady is found."

"Found!" The girl echoed the word in a voice unlike her own; she did not raise her head.

"Well, yes; the final arrangements are not made, but I don't think that they are likely to fall through now. By-the-by, Mauslein"—Madame Norele laid her hand on the girl's arm—"as you are to join us to-morrow, you will see the lady; I have invited her to supper."

"What is her name, madame? And—and—does Monsieur Henri admire her very much?"

"Her name is Clara Bauer. Henri has not seen her yet."

"Not seen her!" Frances opened her bewildered grey eyes very wide.

"No, dear; he is to be introduced to her to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Oh, I had forgotten," with a flash of sudden comprehension, "your French system of making marriages. In my country men claim and exercise," dryly, "a right of choosing their own wives."

"Why, yes; so I have heard. The English ways, excuse me, seem to us a little droll. Young people," sagely, "are not likely to choose so wisely for themselves as their parents would choose for them."

There was no answer.

"It has been rather difficult," the old lady went on, "to provide a wife in all respects suitable for Henri. To speak candidly, it is not every one who would live in such an out-of-the-way place as Fuchshof. One or two parents to whom I had paid my addresses, and who had a high opinion of Henri personally, hesitated to accept his home for their daughters.

"Then there was the question of a dot. Henri cannot afford to marry unless his wife has, at least, some money of her own. At one time I had set my heart upon Matilda Moser, Professor Moser's daughter, for my son; but her father and I could not come to terms about the dowry. But perhaps upon the whole," the old lady put her head on one side and assumed a judicial air, "Clara Bauer is, under the circumstances, a more suitable fiancee. She is not handsome like Matilda, and she is not at all accomplished, but she has plenty of common sense and an excellent heart, and then, too, she is used to life in a farmhouse. Her father—who, by-the-by, will make her a satisfactory provision in the event of her marriage—till lately had a farm near the Black Forest, and he tells me that Clara developed there a real talent for the management of poultry, and that she understands dairy work and bread-baking thoroughly. You see, when one arrives at my age one learns to look at the practical, rather than the ornamental in life."

"Yes, I daresay," absently. "And Monsieur Henri falls in with your proposals, madame?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Henri says very little upon the matter. It goes to my heart sometimes to find him so quiet and subdued—so different from his old self of three years ago. He never now objects to any plan made for him by his father or myself. But, indeed, why should he object to anything which I propose? He knows well enough that his happiness is the object of my life."

Here the conversation dropped.

Frances stitched away in silence, and madame fell into a vein of meditation. The old lady's thoughts had reference, to quote her own words, to the practical in life; they revolved, just now, round the little supper at which Clara was to be a guest to-morrow. Could Babette, madame pondered, be trusted to make the green-corn soup? There must be a potato salad—whatever else was lacking—and a dish of macaroni—Henri had especially liked macaroni ever since his visit, some years ago, to Italy.

In the midst of madame's housewifely ruminations there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," responded Frances; and Babette—a short, thickset servant-girl with a sunburnt face and thin fair hair, made thinner by the practice of carrying water-pitchers and other heavy burdens on her head—entered the room. For the "Frau Professor" she had a message, and for the "Fraulein" a letter, which had come by the evening post; she told the former that the Herr Scherer was about to leave, and that he waited to pay his respects to his hostess; before the latter she laid an envelope with a deep border of black.

"I will come to Herr Scherer in a minute Babette," said the old lady. "Good-night, sleep well," she added, turning to Frances. "Ah!" she exclaimed after surveying her companion's face, and she put her arm about the girl, "how weary you look, my little one!—very weary and pale. I have tired you with my chatter—and no wonder. I do not gain discretion with my years. I should have remembered that you were still weak from the effects of your illness."

"Don't trouble about me, madame; I am not tired. And it was very good of you to give me your confidence." Frances lifted her face to be kissed.

The kiss was warmly given.

"See here, little one you don't look at your letter—an English letter, too."

The girl took up the envelope and turned it over in her hands. "The postmark is Wolmerton; that is the name of my grandfather Sir Leonard Fairbanks' place, in Cumberland," she said. "I suppose"—carelessly—"as the letter is on mourning paper that it comes to tell me of Aunt Sarah's death; she has been ailing for years."

"Death! Oh!"

"The news will not greatly affect me, madame. I have never seen my Aunt Sarah in all my life. She was my mother's sister; and, for mercenary reasons of her own, she encouraged—or so my father told me—my grandfather in his displeasure with my parents. Neither she nor my grandfather have ever taken the smallest notice of my existence."

"The loss was their own," returned madame, stroking the girl's hair. Then with another good-night kiss, she took her leave.

Frances, when she was left alone, did not at once open her letter. She threw up the window and looked out upon the night. Some soldiers passed the house, talking and laughing in gay chorus.

Frances looked after them mechanically; she was thinking intensely—thinking of the French mode of contracting marriages, Madame Norele, of Monsieur Henri, and of the unknown Clara Bauer. "I wonder what Fraulein Bauer is like," she said to herself, as she turned from the window at last and began her preparations for bed.

The girl's curiosity was soon to be gratified. On the following day, a little before six o'clock—which early hour was the time for the Noreles' evening meal—Frances made her appearance in the salon, where Fraulein Bauer was expected. The salon was a large room, with three French windows, looking out upon the Koenig Strasse; it had a polished wooden floor, a big porcelain stove, an enormous sofa, a round table, an armoire, a number of rush bottomed chairs, and two arm-chairs of stouter dimensions and material. Madame Norele was bustling about in the kitchen, giving final instructions to Babette; the only occupants of the room, when Frances entered it, were the "Herr Professor" and his son.

"If it is not mademoiselle! I am delighted to see her again," exclaimed Monsieur Norele, a tall thin, erect old man with grey hair, brushed back from his forehead, a clever face, and a fine manner: he rose and held out both his hands to Frances in token of welcome.

"I have the honor," said Monsieur Henri, in more conventional phrase and with a

formal little bow; but his voice had an earnest, eager ring, and he turned a pair of blue eyes upon Frances with a bright smile—his mother's smile.

Henri Norele was a tall, soldierly-looking man, with a bronzed complexion, regular features, and thick; short brown hair. The combination of those blue eyes of his with his dark hair and skin was peculiarly attractive; it gave to his face almost a boyish charm. His voice was low and pleasant, and his manner towards ladies full of quiet deference.

Frances Burnet looked her best to-night. Evening dress, strictly so called, was worn only on very rare occasions at the Noreles'; but the girl had put on her Sunday attire, a dress of some soft white woollen material; her single decoration was a crimson rose, bought for a few coppers at a flower stall in the Koening Strasse.

The restlessness of anticipation was, more or less, on each member of the little party: it was a relief to suspense when footsteps were heard ascending the stone staircase of the house, and when the bell at the door leading to the fifth floor rang softly.

In a few minutes Madame Norele, her face flushed with a sort of triumphant excitement, entered the room, leading a young girl by the arm.

Necessary introductions were gone through, with grave politeness on the part of the professor and his son, and with evident bashfulness on that of the visitor. Frances inspected the new-comer with no little interest.

Fraulein Bauer was a short, clumsily-proportioned damsel, with a broad, homely, not ill-looking, but commonplace face, very light blue eyes, rather undefined features, and a quality of elaborately-braided flaxen hair. She wore an ill-fitting dress of over-brilliant blue silk, with gold colored buttons; round her neck was a huge collar of imitation lace.

Her appearance, probably, was not her strong point, and yet she looked a thoroughly good girl—not over intellectual, but modest, and kind, and staunch. At the present moment she was not seen to her greatest advantage; she was highly nervous, and her nervousness resulted in an accession of native awkwardness.

At last supper was announced. Henri, instructed by his mother, gave his arm to Fraulein Bauer, and led her into the dining room, a long narrow room opening out from the salon. His manner towards her was perfectly natural and respectful, as it would have been to any lady, or to any woman, in whose company he chanced to find himself.

"Don't catch the Fraulein's accent, whatever else you do or leave undone," whispered the professor, as he followed with Frances; "it's Swabian—and atrocious."

Madame was in her element, dispensing the good things of her table, and beaming re-assurance upon Clara and congratulation upon Henri. She did her best, too, to promote conversation, but met, in this respect, with only limited success.

Henri addressed occasional observations or questions to his neighbor, Fraulein Bauer, but they elicted only monosyllabic answers; and neither the professor nor the English girl seemed disposed to talk. When the meal was over, madame proposed an expedition to her garden—a plot of ground half vineyard, half fruit and flower garden, at the top of one of the hills which surrounded the town of Stuttgart.

The proposition met with general approval, and was quickly acted upon, Monsieur Norele alone excusing himself from joining the party, on the ground of a half promise to look in upon Monsieur Scherer for a game of dominoes.

"I will send old Catherine on in advance with coffee pot and cups; we will have coffee in the summer-house," said the old lady, bustling out to give orders to Catherine, an old dame who had come in to help Babette. In a surprisingly short space of time madame and her three charges were seated in a rough summer house, looking out, through clustering roses, upon a walled garden, upon vines and fruit trees and perennial flowers—the latter asserting themselves among rough grass.

The view from the garden of the wooded hills encircling Stuttgart, and of the picturesque town below, with its tall houses, its trees and churches, and theatre, and Royal Palace; was very charming. The weather, too, was glorious, and the air full of fragrant scents.

Frances felt the full beauty of the evening as, when the impromptu meal was over, she sat under the trees, her hands clasped round her knee, her broad brimmed hat lying on the ground beside her, and her loose brown hair blowing about her forehead. But the beauty gave her little sense of enjoyment.

She remembered another evening in that garden, about a fortnight ago, when she had been far brighter and happier—when Madame Norele and Monsieur Henri had been her only companions, when Henri had gathered her a lap full of cherries and roses, and when she had sung English songs to her uncomprehending but admiring audience of two.

The evening air seemed conducive to meditation. Madame, like Frances, was lost in a reverie. With her eyes resting on Henri and Clara, she fell to recalling the days of her youth at Neuchatel, when she and her near neighbor and admiror, young Norele, had grown up together to manhood and womanhood; she lived over again the early days of her marriage; she dwelt on Henri's babyhood and boyhood, and on the time of his entering the army: she saw, once more, in her mind's eye the goodly dream castle of her hopes concerning his military career shivered to the ground.

Then her thoughts passed to the saddest time of her life, when Henri lay dangerously ill of a fever brought on by the anxiety of his debts and losses, and when she had watched by his side, through two days and nights of terrible suspense, praying from the depths of her agonized mother's heart that Heaven, in whose merciful hands were life and death, would have pity on her darling, "and not on him only, but on her also, lest should have sorrow upon sorrow."

The prayer had been answered; her boy was restored to health. And now, marriage, and—or so his mother fondly trusted—a peaceful, if not a distinguished, future lay before him. Concerning his wife's future, Madame Norele had no misgivings; her Henri, she proudly believed, was calculated to make any woman happy. He had been weak; and his weakness had brought sorrow on himself and others, but he had never been intentionally wicked; he had the kindest of hearts, and, guided by the loving counsel of a wise wife, he would not again stray from the path of rectitude and prudence.

"Shall we be moving home, mother?" asked Henri; "the sun is already low." He was not looking at his mother as he spoke, nor at the sinking sun, but at Frances, who sat still in the same position, under the trees, her curls falling over her forehead, the sunlight illumining her pretty, pale face.

"As you please, dear, or rather," correcting herself quickly, "as the Fraulein pleases."

In a few minutes the party started on their return journey. Henri and Clara descended the hill, ahead; Madame and Frances followed at a more leisurely pace. Henri walked on with quick soldierly tread bending his head now and again to speak to his companion; it seemed to Frances that conversation between himself and the Fraulein Bauer had at length become quite animated.

When the town, with its irregular streets and its long lines of twinkling lights, was reached, madame quickened her pace to join the young people; a pause was made before a milliner's shop at the corner of a street; Clara interested herself, or affected to interest herself, in a contemplation of the fashions; madame joined her inspection; then there came a timid touch on Frances' arm, and presently the English girl had turned the corner of the street, and was walking along a narrow bye lane, by Henri's side.

"May I walk with you the little way that remains before we reach home?" the young man had asked softly; "I have hardly had an opportunity of speaking to you all the evening."

"Madame will not go this way; she did not see us leave her, did she?" said Frances hesitatingly.

"No, she'll turn down the Ludwig Strasse sure enough. But this street will take us home as quickly as hers. And—and—I fancy that Fraulein Bauer is anxious to say a few words in private to my mother."

Somehow Henri's professed knowledge of, and interest in, the Fraulein's wishes grated on Frances' ear.

"Am I to congratulate you, monsieur?" she asked rather shortly.

"Congratulate me?" Henri directed a quick glance of inquiry towards his companion. "Oh," he said in a tone of discovery, and he flushed very red under his dark skin, "my mother has told you her plan—with regard—to—to Fraulein Bauer and myself."

"Yes; she has told me. Am I to congratulate you, monsieur?"

Henri hesitated.

"No," he exclaimed at length, "there is no case for congratulation, mademoiselle."

"No case?"

"I will tell you all about the matter, if you will let me, and if you care to hear," the young man went on. His voice sank low, and his eyes were on the ground, as he began his narration.

"My mother had involved herself in matrimonial negotiations with Herr Bauer before she even told me of her designs. Then, it seemed to me that matters had gone too far for retreat without unmanly disregard of the Fraulein's feelings. And I told myself that it was, in any case, my duty to forward my mother's wishes. I can never tell you, mademoiselle, all that my mother has been, and is to me, or all that I have cost and owe her. But it turns out"—a sudden light broke over the speaker's face—"that the Fraulein is unwilling to accept me as a husband."

"Unwilling?"

"Yes, she has been confiding in me this evening, poor child. It seems that there is another man in the question—a man whom she loves, and who loves her. Her father approves of my suit, or rather," with a dry laugh, "my mother's suit, but then he has an unreasonable prejudice against the Fraulein's lover. I don't doubt that it is unreasonable, for I happen to know the man myself, and I believe him to be a capital fellow. The Fraulein believes that her father's dislike would, in time, have been overcome if—if—this offer from my family had not come in her way. Under the circumstances, I have advised her to take my mother into her confidence, and to ask her intercession with Herr Bauer; the two ladies are now, I suppose, talking over the matter. My mother has the kindest heart in the world, and whatever her momentary disappointment may be on my account, she will help the Fraulein, I am sure. At all events, negotiations with Herr Bauer, with regard to the Fraulein and myself, must be broken off."

There was silence. A fit of shyness had fallen upon Frances; not a word occurred to her to say.

Henri came to a sudden stop. He bent his tall figure till his face was on a level with Frances'; he caught her hand in his and looked down into her eyes. The narrow bye street was unfrequented and dimly lighted; onlookers or listeners there were none.

"My wooing must be done in my own person—in your own way—the English way," he said, speaking in an agitated voice and with a quick catch in his breath. "Mademoiselle—Frances—you know what my mother, with all her devotion to me, has never guessed. You know—you must know—that you are everything to me; that I love you with all my heart. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Henri!" Then the girl broke down. Her surprise at the young man's declaration—her transition from unconfessed dejection to sudden joy seemed more than she could bear. She hid her face against Henri's shoulder in a shower of tears.

Henri drew his arm round her, and pressed his lips against her hair.

In another moment Frances had extricated herself; she looked up to Henri with an April face of smiles and tears. "Your mother said last night," she began when her composure was restored, "that you could not afford to marry a woman without money."

"I know that she says so. But"—vehemently—"she is wrong—I am sure that she is wrong. I know that under my management the Fuchshof farm can be made to bring in a sufficient income for us both—otherwise I could not ask you to share my life there. I have done well enough hitherto, and now I have gained skill in my business; and I shall work ten times harder than ever when I have my wife to work for. We will lead an industrious, thrifty life;—will we not, little one? I even hope, with care, to be able to put by some marks yearly towards repaying my father part, at least, of the large sum which my folly and extravagance cost him three years ago."

Silence fell upon the lovers. Lost in delicious thoughts they walked together along the quiet street, through the fragrant summer air, to the professor's door in the Koenig Strasse.

At the threshold Frances turned to Henri. "Promise me something," she whispered.

"What shall I promise, Mauslein?"

"Do not tell your mother—about—about—our engagement to-night; do not tell her, at all. I have a particular reason for wishing to give her the news myself; I will call her into my room at bed-time to-night."

"As you please."

Frances ran up the stone stairs to the fifth floor, then she hurried to her own room, unlocked a drawer, and produced the black-edged letter which she had received the night before, and which she had read before going to bed.

"I shall always remember—always—that Henri knew nothing of the contents of this letter when he spoke to me," she thought gladly, as she took the paper from the envelope and ran her eyes again over the written lines.

The letter announced the death, not, as was supposed, of Frances' Aunt Sarah, but of her grandfather, Sir Leonard Fairbanks. Wonder of wonders—it also announced that the old man—struck, before his death, with remorse for his unnatural treatment of his daughter, Mary Burnet—had, after making due provision for his unmarried daughter Sarah, bequeathed, as an act of late reparation, a large portion of his property to Mary's daughter, his own granddaughter, Frances Burnet.

"Monsieur Scherer," said the girl to herself, and a merry twinkle was in her eye, "made no mention of a legacy when he told fortunes on the cards last night. Madame will lose faith in him now. Madame is not mercenary; she has no wish for money for herself. But she will be glad—as I am glad—that her dear Henri—my dear Henri—will now be able to pay the debt which he owes his father, and that he will be a rich man after all."

Dorothy.

BY CONCO.

"IS TEA ready?" screamed a voice, long before its owner could be seen.

"Yes, aunt," replied a girl, who was sitting in the parlor-kitchen of a house, which stood on the outskirts of a small manufacturing town in Yorkshire.

The first speaker entered the room, gave a searching glance round, and, from the expression of her countenance, one would judge that she was rather disappointed at seeing nothing to justify fault-finding. The room was neat, the furniture free from dust and the tea ready on the table; whilst the keenest eye could detect no trace of a novel or story-book of any kind. Mrs. Ashford always said, "No good could come of reading."

Her niece, on the contrary, was a perfect devourer of light literature, and her aunt was well aware of the fact, though she had never been able to catch her in the act, and so prove her guilty.

Mrs. Ashford belonged to a better family than would be supposed, judging from her present circumstances; for she was the wife of an operative in one of the woolen mills in the neighborhood. Her husband, however, was a man of superior education and culture, as compared with the majority of his class.

Mrs. Ashford's father was a country gentleman of independent means; but he was, unfortunately, a man of expensive tastes, which he indulged to an unlimited extent; consequently, when he died, at a comparatively early age, his two daughters were left unprovided for. His widow had a small income of her own, but not one sufficiently large to support her children and herself.

The girls had received a good education, and both, being clever, were able to take situations as governesses. Gertrude, the elder, was twenty-one at the time of her father's death. She went into a manufacturer's family in Yorkshire, as governess, where she had the charge of two boys and a little girl; but her want of patience and tact entirely prevented her being successful in her calling.

She started with the idea that children should be perfect, and do exactly as they are told; never requiring that the same advice should be given twice. Ah, had she only known herself, and considered how, in this world's school, she needed to be taught the same lessons over and over again—"line upon line, precept upon precept"—by means of life's discipline!

But this thought never occurred to her; she believed great trials, such as the death of friends and loss of property, were intended, in some vague way, to do people good; whereas, all the little worries and drawbacks met with every day, were only looked upon as disagreeable things, arising from somebody else's wrong-doing; so, instead of gaining in patience and humility, her character deteriorated in proportion to the number of crosses in her lot.

Without going into detail, suffice it to say her school-room was a scene of strife and ill-temper, till both she and Mrs. Perry, her employer, thought it best she should give up teaching. Mr. Perry, who was sorry for the girl, knowing she had no home, offered her employment in his mill, where she would work with one or two other girls of a superior class, in the room where the blankets were looked over, and all spots and blemishes removed before they were sent to the wholesale dealer. Gertrude gladly accepted the offer, and looked out for a respectable family with whom she could board.

Whilst here she met Mr. Ashford, and when he made her an offer, she thought she could not do better than accept him, for he had saved a considerable sum of money, and could afford to furnish her house for her in very good style.

Mrs. Ashford's younger sister, Mary, had succeeded better in her work of teaching; for, though not a good disciplinarian, she was so kind and patient that she could manage her pupils tolerably well by appealing to the love they bore her. After some years of teaching she married a clergyman who had a small living in the neighborhood of London.

The intercourse between the sisters was kept up principally by writing, for they lived at too great a distance from each other to meet often. Soon after Mary's marriage her mother died; she had been in the habit of spending most of her time with her married daughters, and the trial to both the sisters was very great when she passed away from them.

Time softened their grief; and, as years went on, one would have said that in the business of every day life the once dearly-loved mother was forgotten. Not so, however, for when special seasons came round, such as a birthday or Christmas day, the two daughters felt keenly that one chair was vacant, one loving kiss and warm greeting was sorely missed.

One evening Mary's husband had come home after a long day's work in his parish, when the servant told him that a poor woman had called during his absence, to beg that Mr. Cleveland would go to see her husband who, she feared, was dying. Tired though he was, the vicar did not hesitate for a moment, but set off at once for the sick man's house.

When he returned, he was thoroughly tired, and not even the cheerful fire his wife had kept up for him, nor her more cheerful voice and kindly greeting could rouse him from his apparent depression. At last, turning to his wife, he said:

"My dear, I feel very sorry for those poor Sheards; the man has, evidently, not many days, perhaps not many hours, to live, and the little boy is down with scarlet fever."

"Oh! I am grieved," replied Mary, "we must do what we can for them; but the little child is very delicate, and I doubt if he will struggle through a bad attack of fever."

"I doubt it, too," said Mr. Cleveland; "but now, dear, it is late; we will talk it over to-morrow."

The next day it was reported that in two more houses the fever had broken out. Fearing that it might spread rapidly, Mr. and Mrs Cleveland decided that it would be a good plan to send their only child, Dorothy to her aunt in Yorkshire, for a time, so that they could devote themselves entirely to the work of visiting and nursing the fever patients, without the fear that they might be the means of bringing the infection to their child.

For themselves they had not a thought, knowing the duties imposed on them by their position, they were ready to fulfil them, leaving the consequences in God's hands.

Dorothy, who was about sixteen years of age at this time, was very rebellious when told of her parents' decision, declaring she would rather brave any danger with them than be sent away.

"For," she added, "I shall be always fancying you are ill when I do not hear from you, and you will be too much occupied to write often."

"I will write every day," replied the mother.

"But," said Dorothy, "Aunt Gertrude's home is so rough, compared with this. I like aunt, and Uncle John is very kind to me; but we always sit in the parlor-kitchen, where all the cooking is done. Aunt doesn't

keep a servant, and I shall have to help her with the work; for I cannot see her slaving away, and showing me plainly, by her worried appearance and crossness, that my being there causes her extra labor, without offering to help. Oh dear! I hate doing house work. I would much rather read, or wander about the garden and fields thinking."

"Thinking of what?" asked Mr. Cleveland.

"Of what, father? Why, of all the beautiful words that have been written and spoken by great men, and the grand deeds done by them."

"Don't you think imitating them would be more profitable than day dreaming?"

"How am I to imitate them? I am not a strong, clever man—only an insignificant girl."

"How did these heroes of yours contrive to do what they did?" answered Mr. Cleveland; "do you imagine they became full-blown heroes all at once?"

"I never gave that a thought, father."

"Then I will tell you—by self-denial and self-restraint only have men gained such mastery over themselves, that when a time comes, in which interest, ambition, life itself, must be given up, the courage to do so is already there, and the duty is accomplished almost without an effort; the hard work was all done before, and life's discipline trained them to be what they were."

"Then, I suppose," said Dorothy, "you mean that I ought to go to aunt and work for her, whether I like it or not. I don't see how it can improve me, for it will only make me ill-tempered."

"That will be your own fault. Be patient and humble, and your temper will not suffer. Go and help your mother to pack your box, I shall take you to-morrow."

Dorothy obeyed without another word of remonstrance, for she knew that when her father spoke in this decided tone, there was no appeal.

The next morning she wished her mother good-bye, and the tears rose to her eyes as she looked round at the many pretty things, ornamental and useful which adorned their home, and which she well knew she should miss in the house to which she was going, where strict utilitarianism was the order of the day.

It was well that she could not see what a few weeks would bring forth, or the merely regretful parting from mother and home would have been turned into the keenest agony. One morning when Dorothy had been with her aunt about six weeks, the postman passed without bringing her usual letter from home.

The girl's heart sank within her, and the whole day, the fear remained with her, that something was wrong; whilst a poignant feeling of regret that she was not with her parents to help them as far as she could would cause the tears to flow plentifully from time to time. Her aunt gave her more work to do, hoping to distract her thoughts from the one mournful theme; but though her intention was kind, it was mistaken; for, with a girl of Dorothy's temperament, the greatest relief would have been to be allowed to think out her sorrowful thoughts in solitude, till they had exhausted themselves.

The next day, Dorothy had a letter from a friend, telling her that her mother had been unable to write the day before, on account of her having been very ill; that she was no better, and they thought she had taken the fever from one of the poor people whom she had been nursing. She sent a message to her child, begging her to try to give up her will to that of her Heavenly Father, and to bear with resignation all that He might see fit to appoint for her.

Dorothy felt that all hope was over; she knew her mother would not send her such a message unless she felt that her illness was a fatal one; and so utterly was she overwhelmed with this first grief of her life, that she scarcely felt any increase of actual sorrow, when, in a few weeks' time, she heard she was an orphan; for both parents were attacked by the fatal malady, and, worn out by their labors for others, they had no strength to battle with the disease.

For some time fears were entertained that Dorothy would not recover from the effects of the shock, but after a long illness she began to regain her strength. Then Mrs. Ashford talked to her about her future, and recommended her to try to get employment in a mill as she had done. Her uncle promised to get her the same kind of employment her aunt had had in the mill in which he worked.

Poor Dorothy felt she should be degraded by working in this way and becoming a mill-hand, but her uncle assured her she would work in a separate room, and not mix with the mill girls at all.

At last she consented; for she determined she would not be dependent on her relatives, and the small sum her father had left was not sufficient to pay for her board, whilst she was not old enough to take a situation as governess.

Dorothy's only companion in the workroom was Bessie Howell, the daughter of the manufacturer who owned the mill. She had been well trained by her parents, who taught her to be industrious, helpful, and, above all, not to make happiness the object of her life, but to set before her the hope of leaving the world a little better for her having been in it; for, could she succeed in doing this in the case of one person only, however insignificant that one might be, she would not have lived in vain. One day Dorothy was very moody and silent when she took her place at her work.

"What is the matter with you, to-day?" asked Bessie.

"Matter enough, I think," replied Dorothy; "aunt is as cross as she can be, and I have done nothing to make her so."

"Then why need you fret?" asked her companion; "if you have done nothing to make her cross she is not cross with you."

"But it is so disagreeable."

"Very likely—we must all put up with disagreeables sometimes."

Dorothy was silent for awhile. At last, she said, "Bessie I often wonder why you work in the mill, when your father is so well off."

"I don't mind telling you. In the first place, I can't bear to be idle; in the next, father won't let me be idle; then, I like to help some of the poor people whom I know, and I have no right to use money which is not my own for charity, so, as father is willing to pay me for working here, I am quite willing to earn the money."

"I should spend most of my time in reading, if I were not obliged to work," said Dorothy.

"There is plenty of time for reading and working too. Do you know Major Goodall?"

"Never heard of him," answered Dorothy.

"Well," said Bessie, "he is very clever, reads everything, I think, and yet he gives himself up to all sorts of work. He does all he can to get better houses built for the poor, schools provided for the children, and I don't know what besides; visits among the poor people himself, gives lectures to the working men, and provides them with amusements in the evenings; yet he is very rich, and I don't think he enjoys life any the less, because he is not always riding about with a book in his hand. He gets plenty of abuse from some, who call him an enthusiast; but he doesn't care for that; and what I admire most in him is, that the weakest and most helpless, no matter how poor or degraded, claim most of his care and time."

Dorothy pondered deeply over what she had heard, and on looking back over the years she had spent working in the mill, she found that those things which had yielded her pleasure whilst she led an idle life, and could indulge in them to the full, gave her a much keener sense of enjoyment now.

For instance, in going to and from the mill in the summer the sight of trees and flowers in the gardens which she passed, and the beautiful hills in the distance, gave her a feeling of delight which she had not before experienced.

It was a winter afternoon, about six o'clock, on her way home, she glanced at the hills, which looked almost transparent as the full moon threw a flood of radiance upon them.

As Dorothy gazed, she thought the hills of Bolsh must have appeared to the pilgrims just like these. At this moment she heard, through the clear, still air, the words, "There shall be no night there."

She could not see the singers, as they were hidden by the crest of the hill which she was ascending, but she knew they were some of the mill-girls returning from work, singing as only the mill-girls in the West Riding can sing.

A feeling of calm happiness arose within her, such as she had never known before, when her days were spent in self-indulgence and idleness; and she began to wonder whether it would be, in her case, as in that of the apostles when our Saviour was on earth.

He came to them when they were busily engaged in their earthly occupations, doing the work which He had appointed for them, until He saw fit to call them to the noblest of all work.

When Dorothy reached home, she began to get the tea ready, and, having prepared everything, sat down to enjoy a book until her aunt's return, for the latter had been spending the day with her husband's friends.

On hearing her aunt's step, she quickly put away her book, to avoid any argument on the disputed question of reading; this was not done with the intention of deceiving, but simply to prevent controversy.

Three years of her life passed away, and during the time she saw and heard much of Major Goodall's work amongst the poor. She conceived an intense admiration for his character, and he became her ideal; whilst, almost unconsciously to herself, the thought of whether he would approve, influenced her very words and actions. An offer was made to Dorothy, through her employer, to go abroad, as companion to a friend of his, who was traveling for her health. This was too good an offer to be refused, and Dorothy left the mill.

Two years passed away. A ship was making its way up the Channel, homeward bound. Two passengers were on deck engrossed in conversation. The water was scarcely stirred by a ripple, whilst the mid-day sun shone gloriously over the wide expanse. All was calm, and seemed to speak only of quiet happiness.

It would have been difficult to realize that the smooth surface could ever be disturbed, still more difficult to bear in mind the idea of that beautiful sea hiding in its depths so many loved ones for whom those at home had waited and watched in vain, unwilling to give up hope until hoping became hopeless.

"What shall you do on your return to England?" asked Major Goodall.

"I don't quite know yet," replied Dorothy, who was his fellow-passenger; "I should like to live a useful life."

"Yours has been most useful. What would poor invalid have done without your kind care?"

"I mean," said Dorothy, "that I should like to be useful in a large way, as you are, doing great things not only in one spot but in many parts of the world."

Another passenger joined them, and the conversation turned on general topics.

That night Dorothy had fallen asleep for a short time, when she was roused by hearing hurried footsteps on deck; then a tumult of voices, and before she was fairly awake the alarm was given that the ship was sinking. In the confusion Dorothy could hear no particulars. She found the captain calmly giving orders for the boats to be lowered and the passengers put into them.

Perfect discipline prevailed amongst the crew, and the work was soon accomplished. All the passengers had been put into the boats, with the exception of Major Goodall and Dorothy, when the last, which was being lowered capsized.

"Room for one more," was the cry from one of the others boats.

For one brief space, Dorothy thought only of saving her own life in that moment of peril, it seemed so hard to die whilst still so young, with all life's possibilities and capacities for happiness before her. It was but a momentary impulse—her glance fell on Major Goodall, who stood beside the captain, and an earnest longing to save his life by the sacrifice of her own arose within her. One fervent appeal went up to God—"O Father, give me strength and courage." With the need of courage, it came; she quickly descended the steps leading to the cabin, near which she had been standing. As she went down, she heard the captain say, "Miss Cleveland must have gone in one of the boats; she is not here." Those who escaped in the boats were taken on board by a homeward bound vessel; but when the list of passengers and crew was made out, Miss Cleveland was amongst the missing. Much speculation arose as to her fate. Major Goodall felt convinced that just before the capsizing of the last boat, she was standing on deck close to the cabin steps; but that a few minutes after, she was nowhere to be seen. At last, people generally decided that she must by some means have fallen overboard; but to Major Goodall the mystery of her sudden disappearance was inexplicable.

WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS.—During the first three weeks in April the Chinese hold a prolonged "All Souls" festival in honor of their dead ancestors. Family parties are arranged for a day's outing at the graves of their departed sires. They walk many miles, bearing stores of good things, such as roast ducks and fowls, and cooked fish. They provide sometimes a roasted pig, for which the more economical substitute a pig's head with the tail in his mouth, which is symbolical of the whole animal. As the dead ancestors care only to smell the offering, the family enjoy an excellent feast on their return home.

Worship of ancestors permeates Chinese life, affecting the most trivial details of every day. It is the most conservative of influences, for it compels the Chinaman to look backward instead of forward, and obliges him to stop and think if a proposed act may not offend the spirits of his fathers. He may be a Buddhist, or a Taoist, or a Confucian, but his first duty is to worship his ancestors.

Even the service of the empire must give way to this act of filial reverence. It is the one thing in China which takes precedence of everything else. The most important government officer may neglect his official duties with impunity while engaged in some ceremonial associated with this worship. Should his father or mother die while he is in office, he is obliged to retire from public life for many months.

A viceroy of Canton was notified that his grandmother had died in Pekin. An imperial order summoned him to attend her obsequies and to remain in mourning one hundred days. Being a person of dignity, he required a large retinue to attend him. He chartered a special steamer at a cost of ten thousand dollars to convey him and his suite to Taku. Sea-sickness so disgusted him with the ocean that he disembarked at Shanghai, sent his baggage on the steamer, and journeyed the rest of the way by land to honor his grandmother's remains.

Yet a man who thus honors his ancestors need not even wear mourning at a daughter's death, much less interrupt his daily business on account of such an event.

SO SOON FORGOTTEN.—A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is midnight. He is late to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says "and if death should claim me, my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs; "I'll never see anybody else or love anybody else as long as I live."

They part.

Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my brother."

The conversation ends.

SMITH.—"I heard Brown speaking very highly of your neighbor Black yesterday." Jones—"Brown is a fulsome flatterer." Smith—"He also said that he thought you were one of the most estimable of men, a kind husband and father, and a loyal friend." Jones—"—Brown and —ham. I thought you meant White. Brown is an excellent fellow, honest and reliable."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Apropos of the real estate boom in the West, they tell in Kansas City of a man who offered another $8,000 for a parcel of land. The owner accepted the offer, and the buyer handed out a silver dollar to bind the bargain, and afterwards gave notes for three, six and nine months. Before the first note became due he had sold more than enough of the land to make good all of the notes. Up to the present time he has received more than $30,000 from the sale of land and still owns half of the original parcel.

The head of the concern that makes postal cards for the government, says that at the factory in Castleton, this State, they manufacture between two and three tons a day the year round. The largest order ever filled for one city was 6,000,000 cards, or about twelve tons of paper, for this city. They use in New York about 6,000,000 cards a month. Chicago comes next, with about 3,000,000 cards in the same period. There are 450,000,000 postal cards manufactured annually. Two-cent postage did not lessen the use of postal cards, but checked the growth of their use for some little time. The check has been overcome, and people are using more and more postal cards every day.

Sale by candle is a method of auction that was at one time common throughout England and Scotland, and that still survives north of the Tweed. In a form slightly differing from that which used to be almost universal in that country, it might, until quite recently be witnessed in Bremen, where the municipal authorities only abolished it at the end of the year. Every Friday afternoon, in a room in the Old Exchange, a [illegible] and supplied with a box of tiny candles, each of which was designed to burn for one minute. At a given signal [illegible] lighted, and for [illegible] would-be purchaser the bidding was extinguished, and a fresh one was lighted, and the property was disposed of when a candle burnt out before a fresh bid was announced by the crier. The custom dated from mediæval times, and it is said in Bremen that for five hundred years sales were held and candles were burnt without interruption.

The "Narodni Listy," a Prague daily paper which is the organ of the young Czech party in Bohemia, calls upon all patriots who have German names to Bohemianize them at once. The "Narodni Listy" urges that it is shameful for a pure blooded Bohemian to bear an alien patronymic. This may be; but it must be exceedingly inconvenient to have a Bohemian name. Here are a few common Bohemian names: Vypustony, Hloupetzky, Nekonecny and Nalskleputi. We omit the proper accents for the reason that to print them would exhaust the resources of western typography. The German equivalents of all these are short, simple words that can be pronounced by the most delicate person without risk. It would seem, therefore, that when the "Narodni Listy" appeals to Bohemians to Bohemianize names as well as [illegible] it lays itself open to be reproached for want of patriotism than change his name to Nekmeny, for instance, which, when properly freighted with accents, is the portentous Bohemian equivalent for Great.

Not very long ago the Belgian government succeeded in passing a law which empowered the judges to impose a heavy fine upon any one convicted of using a style or title to which he had no legal claim. In Brussels there is, however, a bold adventurer who still trades upon the love of poor human nature for orders and decorations. This obliging creature has been recently posting to people in England a circular, in which he invites honorable persons who wish to know what course to pursue in order to obtain a foreign decoration to address him at the poste restante of the Belgian capital. One party wrote to the purveyor of magnificence for the Cross, and, in the course of a few days, received a letter which informed him that, in return for $25 he could be supplied with the Cross of the Golden Rose of Honduras, and that for twice that ridiculous sum, the Star of the Fifth Class of the Medjidieh could be procured, and would be forwarded, together with a formal grant of it from the Sultan, post-free, by registered letter. The man did not quote terms for the supply of G. C. B.'s and Garters, but he did intimate that if Golden Roses and Medjidiehs failed to tempt, he could lay his hand upon some choice things in Italian decorations.

"No, mamma," she said [illegible] gently, "I cannot [illegible] I am [illegible] and since mother [illegible] If I were [illegible]," she went on [illegible] sweet voice, "and I were [illegible] to [illegible] me, I should [illegible] a sigh; "it cannot be—it cannot be!" "What's the matter with waiting, dear?" responded George, with infinite tenderness and hope; "perhaps the old man may ship soon."

NOTHING will make us so charitable and tender of the faults of others as thoroughly knowing our own.

Our Young Folks.

GENTLEMAN JOHN.

BY L. P.

"FROG or fish? Which is it Jerry—eh?"

"I'll frog and fish thee, thou young jackanapes!"

Now, be it known, there was a starting feud of some months' standing between Gentleman John and Jerry. It came about in this way:

Jerry was a sort of factotum up at the big house, as the small house people called the place—a sort of living sleve was Jerry for such refuse work as any liked to toss him—it all went through the sleve of Jerry's hands.

Even if fish was wanted for the table, and the gentleman were not in the humor for fishing, Jerry was despatched with rod and line, and brought home his 'pretty silvery prey right loyally too.

It, however, happened one morning, as Jerry was bent on fish, who should wander by but Gentleman John, as on this other morning of our story.

"Well, Izaak, how go the nibblers?" was his query.

"You may call the fish what you like, but my name isn't Izaak, and I won't be called by it," returned Jerry, not caring to bear the name of the gentle fisher of a by-gone age, and of course, knowing nothing of him either.

"He was a jolly old fellow, Izaak Walton," spoke Gentleman John, busy with Jerry's fish-basket behind his back.

"Well, so he may be, but I am not he: and I'd rather have your room than your company."

"I'm going," quoth the lad.

But he did not go—he stayed tip-toeing over the greensward mysteriously, to and from Jerry's fish-basket.

The very breezes seemed to laugh when, at last, the old man took up his basket and tackle and tramped homeward, whistling as he went, and keeping time with his feet to the tune. Arrived at the big house—

"Cook!" he cried at the back door; and that person, thus summoned, appeared, while a waggish face aped around a corner of the house, commanding a view of the door.

"Yaw! Oh my," and cook sank down on the doorstep amid a whirlwind of screams.

A whole family of frogs were within Jerry's basket as she opened it, and one—he might have been gray-headed for his wise and knowing air—sprang from the opened basket and perched on the cook's knee.

"Bless the woman!" cried Jerry aghast.

But out came Mary, Susan and Martha, the other maids, like eagles scenting prey, at cook's alarming screams.

"Oh, my!—eh!" shrieked Mary, and staggering back as if shot at the sight of the old gray headed frog.

"Eh!" shrieked Susan, as in concert, catching Mary, and falling back herself into Martha's arms; then all three howled together, two at least not knowing why or wherefore.

As for Jerry, he stood open-mouthed at the door, horrified in the presence of four screaming women, a frog, and I know not how many more besides, with the fish in the basket.

But now three young ladies, like pretty butterflies, came flitting out.

"What's the matter?" but "Eh!" was the three-fold echo of the others' cries, for the pert old frog at this moment gave a spring to cook's shoulder, and the young ladies saw it.

"What's the matter here? Are the women gone mad?"

It was the master's voice, he himself walking up the passage with the air and tread of an emperor.

"They be frightened by a frog: and see here, sir, there be more," said Jerry.

Well, the frogs could not have done it better had they tried; out they sprang, as in sympathy, helter-skelter, where they were not wanted, into the midst of the shrinking women, and away they scurried like—like a covey of startled doves.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jerry at their hasty retreat.

"What is the meaning of all this nonsense?" questioned the master, but so mild so almost as if a subordinate.

"It isn't nonsense, sir; 'tis sober earnest. I brought the fish safe enough, and not a frog did I put in among them," averred Jerry.

"Don't talk moonshine. Take the things away—see, they are hopping up the passage like fun—and don't let me have this sort of thing again."

Exit the master; and Gentleman John, watching and spying all, thought his little practical joke could not have worked better.

But, as ill fortune would have it, Jerry saw him on the spot, and taxed him with the trick. Of course he denied nothing, but took to his heels in double-quick time.

So this was the beginning of the feud; to-day would see the end of it.

After that passage of words recorded in the beginning of our story, Gentleman John was passing on, Sharp, his dog, at his heels, but no Sharp should dare for one stick, and away it flew, with the well known word to the dog, "Fetch!"

Of course the stick must needs fall close to where Jerry was fishing, to the alarm of the fish, come to peep at, and be caught by, the tempting bait.

"How now, young man? Be off, and your stick, and your dog," roared Jerry, not over sweetly.

"Not I," laughed the other. "A cat may look at a king, and surely I may walk near a noble king-fisher."

"But not to frighten my master's fish," protested Jerry.

But Sharp was landing with the stick, his tail wagging, his eyes a marvel of obedience, as he laid it down at his master's feet.

"Good dog," and in went the stick again among the scurrying fish, to all appearance running races the one with the other.

"Do you defy me?" cried the old man, heroically.

"No; but I came for a game with the dog, and I intend to have it."

"Dost? Then I say thou shan't."

But Sharp was diving once more.

"Who is to prevent me?" asked the provoking youth.

"I will."

"How?"

"Take away thy stick from thee, thou young braggart!"

"Ah! That's doing," laughed Gentleman John.

"And what I can do."

And, as if to put his words to the test, up came Sharp, and meekly laid the stick of contention at the lad's feet.

Jerry made a dive for it, but Gentleman John pushed the old man back. Not a very gentle thing to do, to lay hands on his elder, three times his age, but he had it, and it must be recorded against him.

And in the scuffle, off came Jerry's hat. Seeing this, off marched some to Sharp with the stick, or who knows to what use it might have been put?

"Hands off, you young coward," roared Jerry.

"I won't hands off," cried the other, too hot and angry to mind his sentence.

"Then I'll lay my fishing-rod about thee."

"Will you?"

"Ay, I will."

"Try it on."

And Jerry did try it on, and by a stroke of good fortune gave him a sting out across the ear. Ah, well, hot words, if not blows, interningled, as it were.

"'Tisn't the first trick thou hast played me," said Jerry, wielding high his fishing-rod.

"Nor the last," responded the other, his coward fist in Jerry's face.

Why, it was very like a hand-to-hand fight; a ludicrous sight enough it was, but for the anger which both marred and disfigured it.

"Take care, or thou'lt have me in the brook," and they were dangerously near.

"I don't care," returned valiant Gentleman John.

Ha! ha! Well, we must laugh. Over they topple, in they go, head over heels, or rather heels over head, for certainly their feet are high in the air, their heads down among the fishes.

What Sharp thought cannot be told, but to judge from the look on his sage old face, he decided that they were both great simpletons to go tumbling in there.

But [illegible] his stick. Like a faithful sentinel, or any other worthy of a great trust, he stuck to duty and held to it, till his master thought good to turn right away upwards again. This he did very speedily, and Jerry, cutting a summersault, followed his example.

"Well, I've give thee a wetting," grinned Jerry.

"And I might turn the tables and say 'twere I gave you that blessing," laughed Gentleman John, ruefully viewing himself.

"And I hain't done with thee yet," said Jerry grappling the other by the arm.

"Well, what now?"

"Own that 'twere thee that put the frogs in the fish-basket while ago, or in thee goes into the river again."

"Well, I did it," confessed he; "but I'm not afraid of the river."

"And what didst do it for."

"Oh, just for fun."

"Well, fun is very well for young heads as knows no better; but have fun with some one else for the future, young man, not with sober folks, as has honest work to do."

So Jerry admonished Gentleman John.

"Well, you needn't be so peppery over nothing. And now what's the next move?" questioned Gentleman John.

"Well, what do you think?" was the counter question.

"Wipe out old scores, and—and——"

He was stuttering.

"And have no new ones," said Jerry.

"Well, here goes."

John held out his hand and Jerry took it.

A BEAUTIFUL story is told of Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, who died for his faith. At the time of his imprisonment, on going to chapel on Sundays he always appeared very well dressed. One day some one asked him how it was he was so particular in his dress on Sunday, as there were so few to see him in a prison; and he at once made answer "I have always dressed myself with care on Sundays and on festivals, but it was not to please the world, or through respect for any mortal, that I do it, but through respect and love for God."

A POLITICAL speaker warned the people in a certain county in Illinois that if a certain candidate for Constable was not elected this country would never dare hold its head up among nations again. The candidate was defeated, and if the goddess goes around with bowed head and shame-faced look you will know the cause of it.

THE CAT AND THE RAT.

BY PIPKIN.

LITTLE Gretchen was the daughter of a farmer living on the border of the Black Forest, not very far from the river Rhine.

She was a kind-hearted child, loved her dolls, which were not very grand ones, and was fond of animals of all kinds. When she was three years old her grandfather brought her a beautiful white-and-tabby kitten—a dear little pussy, of which Gretchen speedily became very fond.

It is about this little pussy that I am going to write this tale: Gretchen and her Pet Cat.

The farm in which Gretchen lived was near the forest, and she, with her young friends, would sometimes ramble about, picking flowers and fir-cones, and many things which pleased them.

One cold day, Theodore, a cousin of Gretchen's, found a little rat, which he thought was dead; but it was only cold, I suppose and not dead, for it bit his hand when he reached the farm, and jumped away into the straw-yard, like an ungrateful rat, as it was.

Thus, in the farm-yard there were two enemies—the kitten and the rat—both young, both strong, both growing up like the children. Theodore had little difficulty in catching this young rat again, and he put it in a cage, in order to make it tame by treating it kindly.

The rat, in time, got tamer, and was permitted to run about. Then it grew very big, and did a great deal of mischief. So the farmer, Gretchen's father, told the boys and girls he would give them half a mark (about ten cents) if they would catch and kill this animal, and as many of his family as they could; for each rat they would have ten cents between them.

But it was no easy matter to catch the rat and they had no end of adventures, as you shall hear. Theodore, Heinrich, Anna, and Sophie, all cousins, went out one morning to watch the Wonderful Rat. Theodore ought to have gone to school. He had his books in his satchel over his shoulder, but he quite forgot all his tasks in the excitement of the rat-hunt, and in the hope of earning ten cents, or at the least a part of it.

Mr. Rat was very wide awake. Some of the children said he slept with one eye open, and he could always see, even in the dark. But in any case he saw the children coming up the ladder to the loft, and said to himself, "You shall not catch me!" He fancied he could run back into the nest again, but he was wrong; the hole had been stopped up by Theodore himself.

Then the rat—perhaps he was a fairy rat; I don't know—ran round the loft, and all the children after him, doubling, twisting, turning, tumbling about, head over heels; but Master Rat could not be caught.

He tripped up little Sophie, and down she came. He ran between Theodore's heels and nipped him in the ankle with his sharp teeth. "Oh!" screamed the lad. "Ha! ha!" laughed the rat. Then away he scampered to Heinrich, ran up his leg, and got inside his jacket, into his pocket, where Mr. Rat lay panting for breath.

"Where is the rat? He has run away!" said the children. "But where? He can't get down; he can't go home. Let us search for him again. Perhaps he is a fairy rat."

"Nonsense!" said Theodore. "He is somewhere near watching us."

Just then Heinrich put his hand into his jacket pocket, and Mr. Rat caught hold of his finger.

"Help! help!" screamed the boy; "the rat is in my pocket, and is biting me."

Oh, what a commotion there was! Theodore began to pull the jacket off, Anna screamed for her uncle, Sophie cried for her mother, and Heinrich, quite a little fellow, shouted as loudly as he could for Gretchen:

"Bring your pussy-cat, Gretchen!"

Theodore was pulling off the jacket, and when he heard Gretchen answer Heinrich, he gripped the rat tightly, and carried him down stairs, put him in a cage, and brought him into the yard. Anna poised a hay rake to kill the rat if he managed to get out of the cage, which was placed upon the ground. Little Sophie watched it; Master Theodore called Gretchen, who came down the steps with her cat in her arms.

The kitten had by this time grown up to a big cat, just as Gretchen had grown up from the little child into a stout girl, with her hair plaited, like her cousin's hair.

"What is the matter?" said little Gretchen, who could scarcely hold the cat, which was very anxious to see the rat. Puss struggled, put out her claws and caught hold of Gretchen's pinafore, and was altogether very excited. "What is the matter?" asked Gretchen again. "Have you caught a rat?"

"Yes; and he knocked Sophie down, bit Theodore, and got into Heinrich's pocket," cried Anna. "Come and see him, and bring pussy, quick!"

"I do not think I can lend you my cat to kill that rat," said Gretchen, slowly. "It seems a wicked thing to hurt the poor thing."

"Why not?" said Theodore. "If we allowed all the rats to run about the farm they would do a great deal of mischief."

"Not half so much as you, Theodore," said Gretchen. "You broke two panes of glass last week. Did the rats ever do anything so bad? You set fire to some straw and nearly burned the cow-house. Did the rats ever do so? You drank the milk for the cream; didn't he, Anna?"

"Yes, Gretchen, he did; so did I—some of it, I mean."

"Well, then," continued little old-fashioned Gretchen, "why shouldn't you be caught and given to some giant's cat to eat? No, pussy; you shall catch the rats, if you can, for yourself; but I won't let you kill a poor caged animal."

"You are silly," said Theodore, looking up at her as she stood on the step holding the cat. Anna leaned both her hands on the hay-rake, and wondered to hear little Gretchen speaking so. Even Heinrich, who had no jacket on, opened his mouth wide as Gretchen stopped. Sophie kept staring at the rat, and said nothing.

"Father said we might catch the rats," said Heinrich.

"Uncle told us to do so," added Theodore.

"He didn't tell you to stay away from school to do it, Theodore," said Anna. "I think Gretchen is right. Let us release the rat. Poor thing! it is very much frightened. We can let the cat go into the barn or the loft, and if she catches the rats and mice herself, she may."

"That's what I meant," said Gretchen. "It is her nature to. But it isn't fair to catch the rat and torment it in the cage."

"Gretchen, you are a stupid child!" said Master Theodore. "I will not let the rat go!"

"Then I will not let my cat go, Theodore."

"It isn't your cat," said he. "It's uncle's."

"It is my cat," said she. "Grandfather gave her to me."

"Then I will put the rat down your neck; you'll see," remarked her cousin.

"And I will make pussy scratch your eyes out, you cruel boy!" replied Gretchen.

Anna, Sophie and Heinrich had been listening all this time, and so had the rat. He was very much frightened by the cat, and crouched down in his cage or trap. But he was a very clever rat.

While the children had been disputing he had been at work, and had managed to twist up a piece of wire with his very sharp teeth.

Just as the dispute was getting warm, Master Rat got his nose under the wire, and before any one could tell what he was about he had very cunningly, as it seemed, but I think by accident, lifted the door of the trap, and darted out.

Anna screamed; Theodore jumped away. Pussy struggled free, and scampered off after the rat, which raced off to the barn again.

But he never reached it. Puss came up behind him so fast that he could not escape; he turned and twisted, but the cat sprang upon him, and caught him in her mouth and shook him.

Then the children came up, and puss growled at them. She would not have her prey taken from her. After awhile she carried the rat away in her mouth, and, I suppose, she ate it up, for she had no dinner that day.

After this pussy hunted for herself and killed many rats and mice. The children got their money. Theodore went regularly to school and got a prize after all. The girls attended to the house, and Gretchen was never sorry that she had prevented the cat from killing the rat in the trap.

"It couldn't be helped, Anna, as it was, you know; but it would have been cruel to have let puss torment the rat, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, Gretchen; I think you were right," said Anna.

What do you little folks think?

GOOD FOR RHEUMATISM.—An eminent Englishman writes to a paper here: Having read an article strongly recommending celery as a cure for rheumatism, I determined to put it to the test, and give it a fair trial and for the benefit of others suffering from the same painful malady, I think it right to make it known, and can testify to its being the means, under providence, of restoring the use of my limbs again. For twelve months I had suffered torture—hand, knees and feet swollen twice their original size, and the pain intense. I could not lift my arms, or walk, except in agony. I must here remark that all animal food is to be abstained from while using the celery, and all alcoholic stimulants avoided also. I used the celery three times a day, stewed and raw; and when fresh could not be procured I got celery seed, boiled it, and drank the juice as often as possible, one tablespoonful of seed to a pint of water, simmered till reduced to half the quantity.

For dinner, instead of meat, I used poached eggs and potatoes besides the celery, and light puddings, rice, tapioca, or custard occasionally. After using this dietary a month, the swelling in the joints gradually lessened, and the pain also; still persevering, I continued on, till at the end of eight months all swelling and pain left completely, and now I can use my limbs as well as ever. I will continue the vegetable diet, using the celery occasionally, though not in the same quantities as before.

A YOUNG clergyman in New York, who has become remarkably popular already, is credited with having gained success largely through an incident described. He makes a rule, during the late hours of most mental toil, to read an utterance of a successful, contemporary preacher, and declares his intention to excel it. Next Sunday one hears something in the sermon, modified and transmuted into something far above the ordinary, with such an introduction as this: "One of the truest words I ever saw, or heard, was uttered by [illegible]. She addressed him, she grew after this and I do wonder.

SHE: "You seem blue; have you lost a friend?" He—"No; I have just gained one. I asked Miss Clara if she would be my wife and she said, 'No; but I'll be your friend!'"

WAITING FOR SUMMER.

BY SUSANNA J.

I know not, Summer, what thy gifts may be,
What store of pleasure thy sweet days may hold,
What precious things may be awaiting me
Within the Future's still mysterious fold;
But I have longed to feel thy balmy breath,
To bask within thy presence bright and cheery;
For Winter only tells of gloom and death.
And I am weary—

Weary of looking on a leaden sky,
On leafless boughs and lonely wastes of snow;
And heavily indeed the weeks drag by
When day and night are all the change they show!
And, oh, how welcome is the first soft breeze
When April ushers in the season, bringing
Long days, blue skies, young leaves upon the trees,
And glad birds singing—

The orchards all aglow with blossom gay,
The hedges with their wreaths of tender green,
Wild-roses and the graceful woodbine-spray,
And snowy tufts of hawthorn-bloom between;
The light cloud-shadows o'er the hill-sides pass,
Clear fall the notes of sailing gull or plover,
And with gold buttercups the meadow-grass
Seems brimming over.

And could it be, O fairest Summer-time,
That thy delights should linger evermore
And keep unchanged the freshness of their prime,
That would our long-lost Paradise restore!
But, e'en as Winter wings his heavy flight,
And Spring dies out in green and sunny places,
So shall the summer vanish from our sight
With all her graces!

THE WINDS.

In poetry, both sacred and secular, the wind has always been a great figure. There is hardly an emotion of the mind which poetry has not found more or less distinctly expressed by the wind. It has raged in remorseless fury over earthquake and volcano, and it has sighed over the woes of mankind. It has sobbed and fretted over the dying year, and it has gambolled in sportive glee over the unfolding of the spring flowers.

It has shrieked in horror over tragedies, shaken the earth in the triumph of freedom, and mingled its wild cries with the hurly-burly of the battle field; and it has sung lullabies to the weary, and whispered words of peace and rest. So at least have said the poets and poetical writers from time immemorial. Nor have the winds been accredited with sentiments only; they have done doughty deeds, just as men have done.

King Eric of Sweden, "was so familiar with evil spirits that way soever he turned his cap to, the wind would presently blow that way." Sir Walter Scott tells us that the Laplanders in his time drove a profitable trade in selling winds, and if they did in Scott's time, no doubt they do now.

"Is is, perhaps, less notorious," adds the Waverley novelist, "that within these few years such a commodity might be purchased on British ground, where it was likely to be in great request."

At the village of Stromness, on the Orkney main island, lived in 1814 an ancient dame who helped out her subsistence by selling favorable winds to mariners. He was a venturous master of a vessel who left the roadstead of Stromness without paying his offering to propitiate Bessie Millie.

Scott, has introduced a professor of this mysterious art in his novel of "The Pirate," in the person of Norna, and in the course of the story he adopts what was, no doubt the true philosophy of the matter. Norna was, in fact, very acute in her weather wisdom; she was very clever in discerning the indications of coming changes.

No doubt, if some of those wind vendors of time gone by could have embodied their observations in a treatise on weather, we should be able now to trace in them here and there curious premonitions of modern meteorology.

Many of the theories of modern science appear to have been revealed in a marvellous manner to the observant and speculative of olden times; and even where they have wandered very wide of the truth in their theories, we often find singular analogies between their vivid imaginings and the revelations of modern science.

For instance, everybody is now more or less familiar with the latest theory of epidemic disease, which is known to be propagated by germs that may, under certain circumstances, be disseminated by the winds, and are taken into the system through the lungs or the stomach. Here is a remarkable anticipation of the germ theory.

Thevenot who died in 1667, in his account of his Asiatic travels, tells of a hot pestilential wind prevailing in summer from Northwest India up to the western frontier of Persia. He thinks he has identified this wind with one mentioned in the Book of Job, and he says that they who breathe it turn black as coal and fall dead—not, however, everybody who inhales this wind, but, he explains, there are streaks of fire in it as small as a hair, which have been seen by some, and they who breathe in those rays of fire die of them, the rest receiving no prejudice.

"If it be so," continues Thevenot, "it may be thought that these fires volant proceed from sulphurous exhalations that rise out of the earth, which being tossed by the wind kindle (for they are inflammable), and being with the air sucked in by respiration, consume the entrails in a moment."

Thus, in their mere wild guessing about the influence of Asiatic winds, more than two centuries ago, we have, mixed up with much that is fantastic, the distinct hypothesis of the germ origin of disease, the possibility of these germs being distributed by the air, and the mode of introduction into the human system, all of which is now entirely corroborated by the latest science.

Some men are born honest, some achieve honesty and some have honesty thrust upon them by the force of circumstances, and because they have no opportunity of, or inducement for, being dishonest. There are men so naturally constituted as to be as unable even to dream of doing anything dishonest as they are unable to converse in Sanskrit. There are men again who are honest by strong conviction and deliberate determination to be so. There are other men, however, and these are by far in the majority, who are honest only because it is to their material advantage to be so. It has been well said that the man who is honest only because "honesty is the best policy" is but one remove from a rogue. There are a great many spoiled rogues in the world who pass for, and are, as the world takes it, "honorable men." They are honorable citizens, honorable church members, honorable sons, husbands, and fathers. They are honest because it pays, and because there is a fine feeling of self-complacency derivable from the condition, but they would not scruple to be dishonest in a moment if they could be so safely for some tangible object to be gained. And yet they would then and always hotly resent the smallest insinuation against their "personal honor." And quite sincere and conscientious would be their resentment—such a curious complexity is the human creature—so difficult it is for him to understand his own constituents.

Grains of Gold.

Charity is the first mortgage on every human being's possessions.

We should ask not who is the most learned, but who is the best learned.

Work is the law of our being—the living principle that carries men and nations onward.

Those who know most are generally the best listeners and the most anxious to know more.

It is easier to say than to unsay what has been said. Therefore think well before you speak ill.

Love of one's own family may become a cause for blame if it stretches over into injustice to others.

He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay them again.

It is huge folly rather to grieve for the good of others than to rejoice for that good which God hath given of our own.

True repentance has a double aspect; it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watching eye.

Lend not beyond thine ability, nor refuse to lend out of thy ability; especially when it will help others more than it can hurt thee.

He that defers his charity until he is dead is, if a man weighs it rightly, rather liberal of another man's goods than his own.

The best man is he who most tries to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who most feels that he is perfecting himself.

What we call liberality is seldom more than the vanity of giving; we are fonder of the vanity than the generosity of the action.

When you have learned to submit, to do faithfully, patiently, duty that is most distasteful to you, God may permit you to do the work you like.

Watch against anger; neither speak nor act in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences.

Femininities.

Expense of time is the most costly of all expenses.

A little olive oil rubbed on steel knives prevents rust.

Tastes differ, especially the taste of castor oil and kisses.

Beating mashed potatoes makes them lighter and whiter.

A grandniece of Mozart is dependent upon charity in Vienna.

A good dentifrice is powdered sulphur; but castile soap is as good.

An eloping Chambersburg, Pa., girl climbed a tree to escape her pursuers.

Powdered orris root is a good and cheap tooth powder. It also purifies the breath.

At Stockton, Kansas, the candidates for office being all women, the men refused to go to the polls.

The Empress of Russia is an indefatigable dancer, and it is said possesses an enormous appetite.

What is the difference between woman's sphere and woman's fear? One is a house, the other a mouse.

When you tell a secret to a friend, remember that your friend has a friend, and that your friend's friend has a friend.

A very good ointment for unbroken chilblains is castile soap melted with a little rum and rubbed in at night by the fire.

The Supreme Court of Kansas has decided that a married woman need not take her husband's name unless she chooses.

To write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.

The common expression "Old Nick" is drawn from the demon Nicker, of the legend of the Scandinavians. "Old Scratch" is the demon Skratti.

Wife: "Dear, I wish you would invite young Professor Y. to tea some day; I hear he is so dreadfully absent-minded; perhaps he will take our Cecilia."

The simple cure for an offensive kitchen wastepipe is concentrated lye poured in boiling hot, and which will make soap in a twinkling all along the greasy line.

A woman, by way of experiment, recently tied a pedometer to her chin, and discovered that she had talked thirty-three miles between breakfast and lunch.

Soda in hot water will clean silver. All polishing soaps and powders simply scratch a bright surface. When silver is not in constant use, keep it entirely wrapped up in tissue paper.

A lady of Lewiston, Me., who recently was badly frightened by a street loafer, now carries a package of red pepper in her pocket, and is rather anxious that some ruffian should insult her.

Wash flannels in hot suds, and to prevent shrinking they must be rinsed in water as hot as they were rubbed in. It is the sudden change from hot to cold water that causes the shrinkage.

Husband, reading the paper: "What! another colliery accident already? Well, it's dreadful." Wife: "Yes, this is a world of misfortune. Why, only this morning I broke a teacup."

Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik thinks that women united to bad husbands ought, for their children's sake, to leave them, not by divorce, which only enables the bad men to make other women unhappy, but by judicial separation.

In kitchen French, "Hollandaise sauce" means a rich sauce, something like mayonnaise; "matelote," a rich fish stew with wine; "mayonnaise," a rich salad dressing; "meringue," sugar and white of egg beaten to a sauce.

The greater part of the French crown jewels, soon to be sold, will, it is believed in Paris, be purchased on orders from this country. Many of the gems, it is added, are likely to become the property of the wives of United States Senators.

The good wife commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constant obeying him. She never crosses her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing-water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot.

A word to the girls. Beware of the man who does not know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter.

A little grammar found in an old garret in Portsmouth, N. H., has an illustration representing the difference between the active, passive and neuter verbs. It is a picture of a father whipping his boy. The father is active, the boy is passive, and the mother, sitting on a stool looking on, but doing nothing, is neuter.

Gilhooly: "You say your wife is in a bad humor?" Pennybunker: "Yes, you bet she is." "What is she mad about?" "Well, in the first place she got mad at the servant girl; then she got mad at me because I didn't get mad at the servant girl, and now she is mad at herself because she got mad at the servant girl. Do you understand?"

"No, George," she said, "I cannot marry you. I shall always esteem you as a friend, but I cannot be your wife." George hesitated. "Clara," he said brokenly, "will you grant me one favor before I go away forever?" "Yes, George," she replied kindly; "what is it?" "Please put your refusal down on paper; I shall feel safer."

The new fad. Miss de Greene: "Ah, Monsieur Duval, I'm so glad that you are to take me in to dinner." M. Duval: "Ah, Miss, ze plaisir—vat you call him—is mutual, eh?" Miss de G.: "Well, the fact is, I don't understand French, and I never can understand the bill of fare. Why, at Mrs. Crushup's last dinner I ordered a dish of sausage, thinking it was sweetbreads, which I adore."

Masculinities.

Never play with knife, fork, or spoon.

Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

In the ante-room take your seat after ladies and elders.

A man who is not much himself ought to brag about his ancestors.

An Athens, Ga., storekeeper does all his hauling with a pair of goats.

Good counsel bestowed upon fools does rather provoke than satisfy them.

A Kansas colored man advertises for a job as "mascot to a base ball club."

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.

The only man we can excuse for wanting the earth is the pottery manufacturer.

Alma Tadema, the artist, has a staircase of solid brass in his new residence in London.

P. T. Barnum says that during his life as a showman he has received over $30,000,000 from the people.

An Atlanta, Ga., hack-driver gave $8 in change for a $10 Confederate bill to one of his patrons a few days ago.

"Give me the luxuries of life, and I will do without its necessaries," is an aphorism of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes'.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experience.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of new clothes. Many are shut out where tailors do not trust.

The man who doesn't care what people think of him, mustn't be surprised to find that they don't think anything of him.

Kaiser Wilhelm gave his medical attendant, Dr. Von Lauer, a purse containing $37,500 on his 90th birthday, and on his 90th birthday $75,000.

Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on with your duty, and she will come to you.

"It's all very well," said the gravedigger, "to advise a young man to begin at the bottom and work up, but in my business it isn't practicable."

Among the millionaire girls in Washington society are the Misses Riggs, who succeeded, with their brothers, to their father's banking business.

It is easy for a great many men to declare "I would rather be right than be President," for they do not stand in much danger of being either.

There are lots of people who mix their religion with business, but forget to stir it up well. The business invariably rises to the top as a natural result.

There are men who no more grasp the truth they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the message through the electric wire on which it is perched.

Economy: A habit of life which enables a woman to save money in her domestic expenditures in order that her husband may keep up his end at the club.

Young physician, who has just lost a patient, to old physician: "Would you advise an autopsy, doctor?" Old physician: "No; I would advise an inquest."

Some one comes forward with the theory that cigarette smoking tends to softening of the brain. This is not exactly right, but softening of the brain tends to cigarette smoking.

A Sioux City, Iowa, personal item reads as follows: "Rev. W. Carter has discontinued his series of temperance meetings in this city. His remains will be shipped East to-morrow."

"A bow-legged critter with squint eyes and a band around his hat, as a token of mourning for his fourth wife," is the way one Wyoming editor speaks of another, without any bloodshed as the result.

If everybody in the world stopped work we would be starving and in rags in just three years. With all modern machinery and devices supply keeps only 18 months ahead of demand, and that is hardly wide enough margin to provide against famine.

A critic who was asked why he disliked opera contented himself with defining it as "An entertainment in which a tenor, betrayed by a baritone, calls out 'I love you' to a soprano, who exclaims to the baritone, 'Do not kill him; I love him in return!'"

Before any one attempts to direct another, and especially before he criticises or complains, let him be very sure that he has a clear understanding of the whole matter, and that he himself could successfully perform that which he requires done.

There are some cases of necessity which require that unpleasant things should be written. In such cases, however confidential, they should be such as the writer is ready to verify, if occasion arise. Letters should be even more reserved than conversation in their statements.

The faint tinkling of a bell that hung as a charm on the watch chain of a lawyer attracted the attention of a judge the other day, and the latter, believing the sounds were meant in derision of opposing counsel, who was at that time summing up, threatened to commit him of the tinkling bell for contempt.

One of the best business men we know was a dreadfully stupid boy in numbers; one of the best writers could not spell "which" without a "t;" one of the best orators was a wretched reader in his first school year; one of the best teachers was mischievous almost to viciousness. Discordant notes in childhood do not necessarily mean lack of harmony or success in life.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery is a most excellent magazine for younger readers. Its matter, printing, pictures, etc., are all arranged with a view to their special interest and improvement. Published at 36 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

The Forum for May is a strong number, containing eleven contributions from the pens of as many able writers—as follows: "Marriage Laws," by Judge Edmund H. Bennett; "The Socialists," by Francis H. Walker; "College Fraternities," by Andrew D. White; "Books That Have Helped Me," by President John Bascom; "The Indians in 1887," by Prof. Wm. G. Sumner; "Our Religious Instinct," by Prof. James T. Bixby; "The Attitude of Russia," by Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin; "A New Executive Department," by Gen. W. F. Smith; "The Natural Gas Supply," by Prof. N. S. Shaler; "Dress and Undress," by Julia Ward Howe; and "Dining-Room Mendicancy," by James Q. Howard. As will be seen the majority of the foregoing articles are of timely interest, and all are readable. Published at 97 Fifth avenue, New York.

The Eclectic Magazine for May contains a number of timely and able articles selected from the leading foreign publications. The labor question is discussed in "Wealth and the Working Classes," by W. H. Mallock; "The Effects of Civilization on Women," is a vigorous paper Lord Thwing discourses on "Home Rule and Imperial Unity"; The Marquis of Lorne discusses the Fisheries Dispute. "The Sketch and Study of General Lee" by Lord Wolseley. Among other articles are "Leon Gozlan," a "Study of Rossetti," a powerful story of Russian life and Nihilism, entitled "A Terrible night," "The Joy of Living," "Transylvania Peoples," "The Genesis of the Elements," "The True Story of Pickwick," "The Conduct of the Age," and a jubilee poem, "Love that Lasts for Aye," by the Earl of Rosslyn. E. R. Pelton, publisher, 25 Bond street, New York.

The May *Magazine of American History* is filled with valuable papers covering a wide range of topics. "The White House and its Memories," by Mrs. Lamb, introduces the reader into each Presidential home and household since we had a country of our own, with illustrations of the houses occupied by President Washington in New York and Philadelphia, the old White House before it was burned by the British, and portraits of nearly all the ladies who have presided over the executive mansion, from Martha Washington to Mrs. Cleveland. It is a unique production, touching the whole line of our chief rulers within the century. It is, in itself, worth the magazine's cost many times over. All the other articles, of which there are many, are likewise fresh and good, but "The White House" is certainly the chief dish of the feast. Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

Mr. John Burroughs opens the May number of the *Popular Science Monthly* with an article on "Science and Theology." Prof. Edmund J. James discusses "The Present Status of the Greek Question." In "Creation or Evolution?" W. D. Le Sueur presents a vigorous criticism of the work under that title of George Ticknor Curtis. Henry J. Philpott, in "Social Sustenance," shows how making a living is affected by the existence and conduct of other people. Other articles are "Origin of Comets and Meteors," by Prof. R. A. Proctor; "Influence of Snow Masses on Climate," "Hygiene as a Basis of Morals," by Dr. Frances Emily White; "Prairie Flowers of Early Spring," "Hats as a Cause of Baldness," "William Babcock Hazen," "The Sun's Heat," "Customs Among the Transylvanian Saxons," "Megalithic Monuments of Spain and Portugal," illustrated, "Mexican Antiquities," illustrated, and the usual attractive departments. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

Concerning the figures of the entire Jewish population on the globe, there is a difference of opinion among the statisticians; but the "Hebrew Annual" declares that France contains 63,000; Germany, 562,000, of whom 30,000 inhabit Alsace and Lorraine; Austro-Hungary, 1,644,000, of whom 688,000 are in Galicia, and 638,000 in Hungary proper; Italy, 40,000; Netherlands, 82,000; Britain, 80,000; Roumania, 235,000; Russia, 2,552,000 (Russian-Poland, 768,000); Turkey, 105,000; Belgium, 3,000; Bulgaria, 10,000; Switzerland, 7,000; Denmark, 4,000; Spain, 1,000; Gibraltar, 1,500; Greece, 3,000; Servia, 3,500; Sweden, 3,000. In Asia there are 300,000 of the race; Turkey in Asia has 105,000, of whom 25,000 are in Palestine, 47,000 are in Russian Asia, 18,000 in Persia, 14,000 in Central Asia, 1,000 in India, 1,000 in China. In Africa, 8,000 Jews live in Egypt, 55,000 in Tunis, 35,000 in Algeria, 60,000 in Morocco, 6,000 in Tripoli, and 200,000 in Abyssinia. America counts 230,000 among her citizens, and 20,000 more are distributed in other portions of the transatlantic continents, while only 13,000 are scattered through Oceanica. In short, the entire total of the Hebrew race on the surface of the globe is estimated at 6,300,000.

What are thought to be the shortest courtship and quickest marriage on record have just taken place at Green River City. Frank Tracy went into a restaurant for supper, where he was taunted by one of the waitresses at being a bachelor. He at once proposed, and within thirty minutes Miss Hannah Wilson and Frank Tracy were man and wife.

The Depth of Death.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IT IS perhaps worthy of remark in connection with this tale that time and time again a life has been sacrificed to the guillotine.

Not only has the testimony given been considered by both judge and jury as more than conclusive, but the public at large has nodded its approval; and when the verdict, which is justifiable, by such testimony, has been pronounced, satisfaction has, in most cases, been expressed on all sides.

Nevertheless, great wrongs have sometimes been committed, and innocent parties have suffered for the crime of the guilty.

Curious murders have taken place not only in out of the way places, but in our midst; the community has been startled by some horrible outrage that has caused for a time the wildest excitement.

At no time during life can we feel perfectly safe, for some of the most revolting of crimes have taken place when no motive could possibly be assigned, and a fear, in consequence, that has not wholly been without cause, has deprived many of the more agreeable pleasures which an abundance of money could afford.

In writing this tale for publication I have weighed the undoubted threats of the populace which will be levelled at me; yet my purpose is not to draw your attention to me as a criminal, but is, as I have intimated, to place the facts before you, and in a measure to curb that obliquity of judgment which is every day becoming more atrocious in its results.

I have struggled successfully for years to live down all thoughts of the ghastly occurrence as it happened. I may as well tell, too, that in guarding myself against giving vent to the latent knowledge of mine, I have used means before which the bravest among you would pale.

The saddest heart has been buried beneath the appearance of gaiety; a false aspect has been given to a murderous eye; mirth has been introduced where not the phantom, but the reality, of hell was to be overcome; and to all the world the buoyancy of thought, the lightness of touch, the easy familiarity of action has been a sin, because untrue.

When I did it I had no thought, yet a strange cunning possessed me, for I not only mapped out how I should do it, but I contrived that the guilt should be fastened upon another.

It was not the knowledge that his wealth would be mine that prompted me. Oh, no; I enjoyed his money now; but I meant that Regnelor should suffer for me! It would teach me a lesson, too; but he would be in the horrors of death ere he be told it. I promised myself this much.

My guardian should die, but Regnelor, and not I, was to pay the penalty. I had no grudge against the old man; he had always been kind to me. It was the thief—the villain who stole my secret—to whom death would come.

The old man was to suffer but little. I had arranged all that. He could die at one time as well as another. The trap had been all prepared, but the time had not yet fully arrived when I should do the deed.

Regnelor would not come to-night—he was away, and he had my secret with him—I knew that. He thought to gain by it, to become famous—to have Irene love him for his discovery—and for this he should die—yes, die—but not by my hand. Ah, I was too acute for them! They would hang me for the murder of the old man.

I had labored hard, but I had found what I sought, and it would go forever. They had all failed, but I had found it! Had I not seen what I discovered? That finger with the tip of flame had traced it on the wall as I lay asleep, and from this had I copied.

That one piece alone was wrong but all was right now. Fool that I was to show it to him! He saw that when it balanced it started of its own accord, and went smoothly, not pausing and jerking and twitching as before. He laughed for joy, and I—ah, such mad delight as then possessed me!

I recall now that I heard him chuckle; but he had been a brother to me, and I did not doubt him. I imagined that he loved me so much as to be glad of my success; but I see it all now.

He was thinking, "it shall be mine; I will steal it from him!" and the low chuckle involuntarily escaped him. But I fooled him finely.

Ah, I was cunning!

I knew Regnelor would come that night, but I did not prepare for him. That had been completed long before. What if his wine were drugged?

He stole my secret from me, and had been with Irene. But mine was clear. Ha, ha! He thought I drank it. No, no, my friend, I did not touch it; you knew it before the fatal drop, before that knot was placed beneath your ear; but it was too late then—too late even for hope. They thought him crazy when he denounced me; but we knew, and I was happy.

Ah, how noiselessly I crept to the old man's chamber! His door did not lock that night—I had seen to all this before. So when he had gone to his chamber I followed, and Regnelor was drugged.

I lay still for an hour, much like a dog at the door of his master, and when the first long respiration told me that he slumbered, I entered and did the foul deed.

I then sought Regnelor in the room below. A moment passed ere he awakened from the effect of the drug I had placed in his wine. He was not aware of my absence, and I was not fool enough to tell him I sent him home after a time—it was only a few doors away—and then I crept to my own room. I could not sleep; the thing haunted me, and I suffered pain. But I outlived it.

I slept till late the next morning. It was the custom of the servants to awaken my guardian in time for breakfast. It was past his time of coming when I entered. I knew I should not meet him as I usually did—that no greeting would be extended me from those radiant brown eyes.

But what a surprise awaited me! Was that the old man, as usual, save for that bloody hand about his throat?

I staggered forward; I clutched at the wall for support; but the apparition had vanished, and only the emptiness of the room had unnerved me.

Fortunately none of the servants were present, and I took my place at the table, and awaited the result of their calling him. I knew well the tale they would bear on returning—how they had found his lifeless body. But I had nerved myself, after this first shock on entering, and I felt equal to the greatest sensation.

Five—ten. The minutes slipped slowly down the face of the old clock, and still no outcry, as I had expected. It was the calmness of despair that possessed me.

What if I had failed?

The minute hand of the clock had slipped from the quarter past the hour to the half before any one appeared. It was Jeanan, the waiting-maid. I saw how pale she looked, and the inward terror she was struggling to subdue.

She looked at me: the very floor seemed sinking from beneath my feet. I knew there was no reason in my expression. She raised one hand slowly upward to her face. Before a word had escaped her I had risen to my feet.

"The master has been murdered!" was all she said, but it was sufficient to bring the reaction, and I was myself again—calm and business like.

I ordered a search of the outside premises; I called the police; I placed a watch over the room and its contents. Henceforth I had a part to act. I felt some relish in thus deceiving them—the astute guardians of the peace.

My breakfast I did not touch; I did not need it. I breathed the delirium of excitement; yet I was wonderfully cool and clear. It was remarked afterwards with what composure I bore myself through it all.

When the police arrived an immediate search was ordered, the exclusion of the members of the household being rigidly enforced.

"Now," thought I, "for the result of my labor."

Nor was I disappointed in it. I had done everything I could; I had seen to the funeral arrangements; I had offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the apprehension of the murderer; I knew it would never be paid, but I had to make some show of anxiety.

You may think that I turned pale, faltered in my speech, or perhaps was speechless altogether, when a police agent called on me the evening of the day of the crime, and confronted me with a warrant for my arrest.

But no; it was a part of the intrigue—the plot I had laid. I, of course, showed some signs of surprise to the officer, but inwardly I was elated, for with what precision had I planned it all!

His manner towards me was formal—befitting his position. I was taken to jail and no bail was allowed. For one night I occupied the merited cell.

But can it be of any interest to you to know how I fastened the crime on Regnelor? How the bowl of my meerschaum pipe, found in my guardian's chamber, had caused my arrest?

Part of these things have already been made public through the papers. To re-tell them would only add insult to injury. With one broad sweep would I clear my soul. I have told my method, the details can be imagined.

That I succeeded in accomplishing my preconceived desire is a matter of fact; that I proved beyond a doubt that Regnelor was the last to use my pipe on the night of the murder, the files of the Paris papers of December 18, 187—, will show. That the dark red spots found on the sleeve and lining of his coat, and analyzed in connection with drops of blood taken from my guardian, were identical, the testimony of Paul Zaiger, the expert chemist, fixed beyond argument.

But I will not ask you to heed me longer. To-day I am wasted, and not worth the knife of the guillotine. On the morrow the depth of death will divide us.

OF QUICKSILVER.

Quicksilver forms part of a soft, red rock called cinnabar, composed of mercury and sulphur. The cinnabar is crushed and exposed to the heat, when the metal in the form of vapor passes into a vessel suitable for the purpose, when it is cooled. Then, being reduced to its liquid state, it is pure and fit for use.

When men working in the mines beat the rocks, the quicksilver will sometimes roll out in drops as large as a pigeon's egg, and fall on the ground in a million sparkling globules. It is said to be very beautiful against the dark, red rock, glittering everywhere with this "livingsilver," while every crack and crevice is also filled with it.

Just as wood floats on water because it is lighter, so large stones thrown into a kettle of mercury would float on the top, it is so much more heavy a substance than the stone.

There are only four important localities where it is obtained—California, Peru, Austria, and Almaden, in Spain. The nearest mines to us are those in California.

The mines in Peru were discovered in a curious manner. Cinnabar, when ground very fine, makes a beautiful red paint. The Indians used this to ornament their bodies on great occasions. This caused the country where they lived to be examined, and the cinnabar was found.

The Romans used this paint hundreds of years ago in decorating their houses and in painting their pictures. It is of great value now in our times, and we call it vermilion.

This wonderful quicksilver is very useful in separating metals from the rocks to which they cling.

The rocks are crushed fine, sifted and washed until as much of the gold and silver is removed as possible. Then it is placed in a bottle with the quicksilver, which seems to absorb it at once, separating it entirely from every particle of sand or rock.

If the metal to be cleansed is gold, you will see a yellowish mass of a sort of paste or amalgam. This is heated, and the mercury or quicksilver flies away, leaving behind it pure gold.

It was only after years of patient toil and very many unsuccessful attempts that this wonder-working process was brought about.

Not many years ago, near the rich gold mines of California, there were discovered large mines of quicksilver. Previous to this, all the quicksilver had to be shipped to this country from foreign shores, which made it very hard to obtain, and very expensive.

Now, the tables are turned. For we, after supplying our own demand, can supply other countries ourselves plentifully.

Although mercury is so useful in many ways, it is also a deadly poison, and its vapor so dangerous that in the search for it many people have lost their lives.

Not many years ago, the mines of Austria took fire, and thirteen hundred workmen were poisoned, many of them dying in consequence; and the water used to quench the flames, pumped into a river near by, caused all the fish in the river to die.

Have you ever seen mercury carried about? It is put in sheep-skin bags and cast-iron bottles. It is so heavy that, instead of an ordinary cork, an iron stopper is used—screwed in!

Sometimes, these bags do sad havoc, as in the case of storage of several in a hold of a ship, bringing it to this country. Some of the bags leaked. Everybody on board was poisoned. Every bit of metal was covered with a silver coating of quicksilver.

"THIS INVENTION IS A REAL LITTLE TREASURE."

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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Humorous.

SHOPPING.

She was shopping, so they say,
So they say, so they say,
While her husband toiled within his office dim.
And she kept it up all day,
Up all day, up all day,
For of course she had the things all charged to him.

She bought rouge and bandoline,
Bandoline, bandoline,
Bonbons, fichus, 'kerchiefs, collarets, as well,
A silver soup tureen,
Soup tureen, soup tureen,
And a bonnet that she thought was "just too swell."

A dress of old gold plush,
Old gold plush, old gold plush,
The choicest sealskin sacque that she could find,
And without a single blush,
Single blush, single blush,
She swamped her husband; now he's lost his mind.
—U. N. NONE.

A good life preserver—Food.

Patrons of husbandry—Wives.

Wether report—Price of mutton.

A drink for the sick—Well water.

The telephone operator has a perpetual holler-day.

It is only married men who want but little car below.

A man who does business on a large scale—a coal dealer.

One thing more blessed to give than to receive—Advice.

Why is there nothing like leather?—Because it is the sole support of man.

Age appears to increase the value of everything except woman and butter.

The mathematician's favorite season is the sum-mer. The milkman's is the spring.

It is a sure sign that the fools are not all dead when a fat man tries to wear light pantaloons.

A pig's tail is of no more use to the pig than the letter "p" is to pneumonia. But it makes it longer.

Office is like whisky—When a man gets a taste of it once he for ever afterwards has a hankering for it.

When a man bores you don't say: "You make me tired!" but observe politely, "I'd give anything for a chair."

To Housecleaner: Never beat a carpet when it is down. Never let a grate wear its old winter coat after May 1st.

An advertisement in a Boston paper says: "Wanted, a servant who knows how to cook and take care of children."

The coat-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat-tail, bearing dusty toe marks, means, "I have spoken to your father."

When street cars are run by electricity probably lightning rods will be introduced, for they invariably prove good conductors.

Palmistry is not such a new craze. We have known men to sit around a table for hours trying to find out about each other's hands!

An article now going the rounds is headed "What to Wear." We know what to wear now without reading it; it is clothes. Our greatest trouble is to get them.

We don't question the statement that George Washington never told a lie, but he certainly was never asked by a fond mother what he thought of her cute little baby.

Landlady: "The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mr. Smith." Boarder: "Ah, yes, poor thing, I was expecting that! I've noticed for some time that it hasn't been strong."

"Do you know, my friend," said the temperance man, solemnly, "what it costs you to drink whisky? It costs you health, character, home, happiness—" "Yes, by jingo! and it costs me $4 a gallon besides. That's the wus of it."

"What do you mean, sir, by speaking to me on the street? I want you to understand that I am a respectable married lady." "Excuse me, but I am so short-sighted that at first glance I cannot distinguish a married lady from any other lady."

"And what's become of George Tullivey?" asked one old friend of another in reviewing the days of their youth; "poor fellow, I heard that he came to a bad end!" "Ah, yes," replied the friend; "a very bad end. George went up behind a mule."

Simpson: "Well, Muggins, how's business?" Muggins, an artist: "O, rippling! Got a commission this morning from a clergyman. Wants his children painted very badly." Simpson, pleasantly: "Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job." They don't speak now.

The following supposed joke is found in a book printed over three hundred years ago: How can you carry a jug of water in your hands on a broiling summer day, in the full blaze of the sun, so that the water shall not get hotter?—Let the water be boiling when you fill the jug.

One of our schoolteachers was endeavoring to explain to a small boy in her class the meaning of the word "collision." She said: "Suppose two boys running on the street should come together real hard; what would there be?" "A fight!" responded the little fellow loudly and with astonishing promptness.

Kentucky coroner, sarcastically, to witness: "You say that a quart bottle full of whisky was found in the pockets, and yet you think the unfortunate man committed suicide?" Witness: "Yes, sir." Kentucky coroner: "Well, if you think anybody would commit suicide with a quart of whisky in his pocket, you must be a person of very low intelligence."

PETTICOAT OR NOT.—The Empress of Japan is, like many of her compatriots, an ardent lover of progress and of all things European. She is now trying to persuade the women of Japan to dress like European ladies; and her arguments to this end are decidedly ingenious. In a recent lecture which she delivered in Tokio, she reviewed the whole history of a Japanese female dress; and in the course of her survey she dwelt upon the fact that, in the Middle Ages, the ordinary costume of a Japanese woman consisted of a wrapper and a petticoat.

During long years of subsequent civil war, depression became so general throughout the troubled empire that women had to forego the luxury of the petticoats, and content themselves with only the outer wrapper. We know how easily custom is established.

Trade in time revived, and once again prosperity bloomed. But the Japanese woman had grown accustomed to doing without a petticoat, and the result is that, though now able to afford one, or even two she continues to wear merely the well-known wrapper, folded across the body, and confined by means of a broad waistband. Here was the Empress's opportunity. "The Europeans," she said, "wear a petticoat as well as an over-garment. If you copy them, you will only be reverting to the ancient fashions of Japan."

TO OUR READERS.

To any of our subscribers, or readers, who will send us the names and addresses of twelve (12) of their friends, no matter where located, we will send a book in neat pamphlet form, containing a complete story, selected from the following list:

1. **The Widow Bedott Papers.** This is the book over which your grandmothers laughed till they cried, and it is just as funny to-day as it ever was.
2. **Winter Evening Recreations,** a large collection of Acting Charades, Tableaux, Games, Puzzles, etc., for social gatherings, private theatricals, and evenings at home.
3. **Back to the Old Home.** A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Hidden Perils."
4. **Dialogues, Recitations and Readings,** a large and choice collection for school exhibitions and public and parlor entertainments.
5. **The Standard Letter Writer** for Ladies and Gentlemen, a complete guide to correspondence, giving plain directions for the composition of letters of every kind, with innumerable forms and examples.
6. **The Frozen Deep.** A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc.
7. **Red Court Farm.** A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc.
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12. **The Mystery of the Holly Tree.** A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
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14. **John Bowerbank's Wife.** A Novel. By Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, gentleman," etc.
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We wish these addresses for the purpose of sending a sample copy of THE POST, and trust none of our friends will refuse to aid us in our effort to extend the circulation of this paper.

Send on your list, writing plainly the name, Post-office, County and State, and give us the number of book desired. To save time do not write down the full titles, but order by their numbers only.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The novel point in the latest costumes lies rather in the combination of fabrics than in changes of form or make. The foundation skirt is narrow, the draperies long, wide, and bouffant. Panels are seen on the front as often as on the sides, and there is a marked feeling for borders encircling the skirt near the foot. Both silk and velvet ribbons are much used as clusters of loops on the fronts and sides of skirts.

The newest woollen costumes show a combination of two plaids—small checks, for bodice and drapery, and large blocks for the skirt, revers, collar, and cuffs. Costumes that are composed of wool and silk show effective contrasts of color; the bodice and drapery are camel's hair, the skirt either faille, Bengaline, or ottoman. Heliotrope silk and brown wool are often combined in this manner.

Silk combination dresses have Bengaline draperies over either striped moire or velvet skirts; plain velvet and some of the new floelle laces, with torchon designs, being used for trimmings. The new striped silks have fine lines of three or four shades of one color, and are beautiful in brown shaded to suede, in dark leaf green to pistache, in dark blue to light blue, and these are in rich cream and black laces. Velvet is then used for trimming, and applique lace, like embroidery, is set on the velvet. The buttons are large crocheted silk wheels.

Spring mantles are short and scarf-like; contrasting material covers the arm from the shoulders to the elbows, and long narrow fronts end in rosettes or bows of ribbon, or in tassels of jet. Passementerie mantles are novel, and there are lace and grenadine and silk mantles that are covered with jet ornaments. Some fringes extend from the shoulder to the end of the mantle, covering it entirely, and there are also fringes thirty-seven inches deep, made of separate jet strands, that cover the long fronts of the mantle.

Tailor-made jackets to wear with spring dresses are made of either striped or cross-barred cloth in two shades of a single color—notably brown, blue, or grey—or else of two colors in soft, vague tints. The shapes are simple, outlining the figure perfectly, being mostly single-breasted, with high standing collar, and quite short on the hips and back, with the fronts a trifle longer. The linings are either of striped or plain cashmere, with satin face, or else of thin twilled silk; there are also many jackets without lining, the seams being merely bound. The edges of the jacets are bound with braid or stitched, or else they have the cord finish made with braid. The buttons are of bone, with eyes in the middle.

The new feature of passementeries for dress trimming is metal cords of all colors to match the dress fabric twined among colored beads. Beads of every color—even the palest pink, amber, blue, and white—are made into dress trimmings, as well as garnets, silver, steel, and the gold-lined beads that do not tarnish.

There are several new features in millinery. Three ribbons of different colors are used in folds down the sides and in the slender bow on the brims of bonnets, especially on those without strings. Another feature is the combination of tulle with velvet for demi-season bonnets; for instance, a soft crown and front of golden-brown velvet, which appears to be carelessly put together by many small gilt pins, has the edge of the brim of primrose tulle laid in in pleats, and standing high on the top, as if to hold up points and loops of primrose ribbon. New laces (partly silk, partly linen) are in stripes like colored braid. The beaded tulles and the wide-meshed nets for veiling clusters of flowers, are now to be seen in all the tapestry colors. A novelty is a wood bonnet of light birch, with stems of roses and leaves of lilies bordering its edges, while stalks of lilies of the valley are high on the top and amid loops of green and old-rose ribbons.

New evening bonnets are all small, and one named the "Minerva" is in red velvet, veiled with bands of Brussels lace, and trimmed with a cluster of red feathers and an aigrette. A Manon bonnet is in pink moire, with flowers of black Chantilly lace applique on the moire; the edge is bordered with black beads, and the soft crown is in pink China crepe. A third bonnet was composed of jetted insertion and gathered red net; black satin strings and a black lace aigrette.

Among new evening dresses one is in striped maize and grey faille, the tablier being pleated maize crepe over blue silk; the low bodice matches. A slight mourning toilette is in black gros grain, the tablier embroidered white crepe, framed with jetted net insertion mounted on white; black gros grain bodice, laced over a white crepe fichu. A short evening toilette was in pink and blue striped silk, with cream lace tablier ornamented with moss and flame ribbon bows.

There are becoming apparent symptoms which denote a tendency to departure from the severity of style and somewhat manly effect of the tailor-made costumes adopted by women during the late season. Even the ladies' tailors, who have hitherto abjured most strenuously any approach to the strictly feminine fabrics and adornments, are now allowing the latter to appear in moderate proportions upon their creations, and by this means giving a more spring-like and womanly aspect to the garments designed for the coming season.

Velvet plush and silk are now being introduced as waistcoats, collars, and revers, upon those serviceable-looking materials with which hitherto all ornament has been disassociated, and panels of contrasting color and more delicate substance are now frequently inserted by means of loops and buttons.

Large square plaids in neutral tints are apparent both as loose draperies and box-pleated panels, while some described in bright colors are seen with excellent effect as draperies on plain skirts of velvet, plush, or faille.

They also add much style to some self-colored tweeds when shown as waistcoat, cuffs, panels, or loose drapery. It cannot, however, be declared that plaids are in any way superseding stripes, which may justly lay claim to an equal share of popularity.

The tiny checks in shades of tan, leaden greys, and brown, have many of them a large cross-bar taken out of their surface by means of a narrow line in colors as bright as blue, cardinal and gold. There are many costumes made entirely of these mixtures. In others the closely-fitting habit-bodice and petticoat are of check, the over drapery, cuffs, and collar of a plain cloth.

In the skirts, which are often plain in front and full behind, the front drapery takes the form of a long square tablier divided from the back folds either by a panel or by a simulation of one, due to pleated folds of the check. In the habit bodices of this tissue the lappels are supplied round the neck like a gentleman's coat, and then fastened at the throat with a couple of buttons instead of descending to the chest. The under waistcoat is also on a new model, and, instead of being carried high into the neck, is cut somewhat low to leave room for the folded cravat, which completes the costume.

Other models have the skirt drapery all cut in one piece, and so arranged as to suggest an under skirt on the right side, while it is looped over a kilt on the left. The accompanying bodices to these have thrown-back revers, displaying inserted waistcoats of pale blue or white, with the centre of the throatlet to correspond, and the sleeves closing with three buttons over an under cuff, which matches the waistcoat.

Some of the panels of white cloth supplied to skirts of admirality blue have braided designs effected in fine gold cord, and corresponding ornament supplied to the bodice by means of similar braiding inserted on each side of the central pleat of blue carried from throat to waist, the trimming making another appearance as the under cuffs to sleeves, which terminate in deeply cut vandykes.

A peacock-green costume of faced cloth had its long drapery opening at the left side as a waterfall over a kilt, while a revers of dark red velvet, embroidered in gold and copper was taken from the right across the entire centre of the side. The inserted front of the bodice was of finely pleated Merveilleux, with three straps of the embroidery crossing it diagonally, and the same decoration apparent on cuffs and collar.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHS.

In reply to several inquiries about making plush screens for photographs, I shall commence by explaining as plainly as I can how they are made. The most useful and popular size is that about 20 inches high, with four panels or divisions, holding three cabinet photographs in each. Each panel is 5 and 6 inches wide. This size is ornamental when standing on any table. The quantity of plush required for this size is 1¼ yards of good quality, measuring from 21 to 22 inches in width.

Eight panels are required, four of tolerably thick cardboard, with the apertures for the photos cut out, and four of stout millboard, for the backs of each. The apertures can be carefully pencilled and cut out at home, or they can be done by a professional hand at a shop. All should be curved at the top, to look ornamental.

Take the plush, and cut four strips of 21 inches long and 6½ inches wide. Lay one down on the table, face downward; lay the panel on it, allowing a margin of half an inch all round, and cut out the apertures, allowing the same margin, and giving a snip at each corner, to allow of the edges turning neatly in.

Then take a brush filled with the best liquid glue (the strongest glue for use, and in small handy tins,) carefully glue round the plush margins, and turn them in, pressing all to keep them down. The four front panels are all done thus, and must be put away to dry, for a short time, under some books.

Then take the four back panels, and lay them on a length of the plush, 25 inches long and 21 inches wide, face downwards, allowing a distance of 1 inch between each. This is to allow of the whole screen folding up as the bought ones all do. An inch strip of plush must first be glued up each of these divisions, with its face uppermost. These will show between the front panels when they are glued to the back ones, and make the whole front of plush.

Take the plush, glue the margins, and turn them over and forwards, pressing them down. Put this carefully away to dry. Then bring it back, lay it plush downwards on the table, with the millboard uppermost, carefully lay the other four panels on, and glue the front and back together, leaving an opening at the base of each panel for the lowest photo to slip up, and two openings up the sides for the two upper ones, one above the other. This is all, and the screen is made. Care and neatness are required, but there is no difficulty.

Many things can be made with plush, such as blotting-book covers, table cases for photos, book covers, &c. Blotting-book covers are made thus: Either cover an old discolored blotter, or cut two pieces of millboard, 11in. long and 9in. wide; cut a piece of plush, half a yard long and 12in. wide; spread a thin layer of cotton wool on it, and a piece of thin flannel, then lay down the millboard, turn over the plush edges, and paste them down.

Paste is better for this than the glue. Then cut a piece of silk or satin the same size, spread a thin layer of cotton wool, and paste that neatly on, turning in the edges, and allowing about a quarter of an inch of plush to show all round. Fasten a ribbon, and put in the sheets of blotting paper. It is, of course, a great improvement to embroider the plush with initials, a name, or some flowers.

Covers for holding books can be made quickly, and without much trouble. Cut a piece of tolerably stout drawing or cartridge paper 12in. long, 9in. wide, and glue on a cover of plush cut half an inch larger. Then cut the satin the same size, and paste that on as a lining. When dry, add two pockets for the book to slip in, by covering two pieces of the paper, (previously cut 9in. long and 4in. wide) with the satin, leaving half an inch margin, which, when the pocket is laid down on the satin side of the book-cover, turns over and is glued. To hide this turn-over edge, sew on a piece of fancy gold braid, about 1in. wide, all round on the plush side, as flat as possible.

For one of the fashionable cases for holding cabinet photos, on a table or when traveling, cut a stiff piece of cardboard or millboard one size larger than a panel or cabinet photo, according to fancy, and cover it with a layer of flannel on both sides, and a piece of plush over it, sewing all round the edges neatly. Then cut a similar sized piece of any old brocade or rich material, lay it on a double piece of thin dimette or flannel, and finally on satin; sew these together, turn in the edges, and sew them to the other covered side, leaving the limp upper one loose enough for a number of photos to be pushed in. Thus the plush forms the base of foundation, and the brocade the upper part or cover.

Gold lace or gimp is frequently laid round; indeed, these cases may be made from any kind of material, and any good scraps. They take so little, and are useful and ornamental.

WIFE, reading the paper: "Well, I declare it that isn't the queerest thing I ever heard of!" Husband: "What's that?" Wife: "Why, here in the paper is an account of a wedding, and among the wedding-presents was a bull-terrier, given to the bride by her father." Husband: "I don't see anything odd about that. She was the old man's youngest daughter, wasn't she?" Wife: "Yes, but what's that got to do with it?" Husband: "Why, of course, if she and all the rest were married, he had no further use for the dog."

Confidential Correspondents.

M. G. C.—Stephen Girard died in this city in 1831, Girard College was begun in 1833, and was finished in 1847. 2. The first burial in Laurel Hill was that of a Quakeress, Mrs. Mercy Carlisle, in October, 1836.

J. G. H.—The "pits" of smallpox are caused by the scarring following suppuration of the pimples of the eruption under the skin. This is a natural process, and unfortunately, like all scars, they remain ineradicable.

KEEPER.—A keeper is so called because it acts as a guard to the wedding-ring; it has no symbolic significance whatever. It is only during the last twenty years or so that the practice of wearing such rings has become general.

INDIGNANT.—Most decidedly you must not go in person and ask him if he sent it. Such conduct would be most unwise. Better enclose the slip in an envelope, with a little note very formally written—"Miss So-and-so was not the sender of the enclosed cutting, and is at a loss to know why it should have been forwarded to her. She will be much obliged if Mr. Blank will refrain from making any further communications to her in future."

UNDECIDED.—We see no reason on earth why you should not marry her. There is no absolute necessity for you at your mature age to mention the previous circumstances to your family at all; but, if you decide to do so, which would be straight and above-board, we should advise you to put it off until after the ceremony is over. Do not let others set you against her. Of course we take it for granted that you have yourself ascertained the truth of the lady's story.

GEORGE A.—Sesamum is an annual herbaceous plant found in eastern countries, and from its seeds an oil is extracted. This oil is taken as food in Arabia and India, and is of fine quality, bland, and will keep many years without becoming rancid. The seeds, on this account, form an important article of commerce, and are exported in large quantities from India and Egypt. The leaves of the plant, which are mucilaginous, are used by doctors for making poultices.

MENS.—1. Krishna is one of the incarnations of Vishnu, the second god of the Hindoo Triad, but considered by his worshippers to be the supreme deity of the Hindoo pantheon. 2. We do not know the person who has no place in the standard biographical dictionaries. Have you given us the right name? 2. In crucifixion death resulted from exhaustion produced by the shock to the system from the nailing of the body to the cross, and by the resulting pain and loss of blood. But in some cases it was accelerated by breaking the limbs of the victim.

ELI.—Style cannot be attained by merely studying it. The only way to acquire knowledge of anything so delicate is first to select a proper father and mother for yourself, and then to be born with the requisite native faculty. Given these prime essentials, you may proceed to read widely and read carefully, noticing as you go the effect produced by each writer, and the means he employs to produce it. The born "stylist" does this unconsciously; the man who is not so born can hardly acquire it by the most assiduous effort. To write in a good style yourself, make sure of what you have to say, and say it as shortly and simply as possible. Fine writing is the stumbling-block of beginners.

QUANDARY.—You should take the very first opportunity of talking the matter over with the young lady. If the rumor turns out to be true, you can do nothing but bear your misfortune courageously, wish the young lady every happiness, and always treat her with the most careful politeness. If you were an avowed lover, of course she has treated you badly in receiving your attentions, but you may not have given her any reason to think that you desired anything more than her friendship and the pleasure of her society. If the young lady is engaged to someone else, it is probable that her love for you, if it ever existed, was very faint. Of course you must treat the family with politeness, under any circumstances.

S. T.—You have perhaps seen pretentious people who, when anything is told them, or a work of art is shown to them, raise their eyebrows in a way to indicate their distrust or disapproval, and also to give the beholder to understand that they know too much to be imposed upon by anything which is not of the very first quality. Such raisers of the eyebrows are supercilious people. The word supercilious comes from Latin words that mean "above the eyelid," or eyebrow. The raising of the eyebrow in the way we have mentioned is a universal mode of expressing disdainful dissent, or contemptuous criticism, and hence the word supercilious. The meaning of the word has been greatly expanded in modern usage, and it is now employed to denote a proud, haughty, arrogant, dictatorial, or overbearing manner.

INQUIRER.—Gretna Green marriages were strictly legal. The object of fleeing to this place was to evade the English law, which required the consent of parents or guardians, the publication of banns, and the presence of a priest, and to take advantage of the Scottish law, which required nothing more—even in the case of minors—than a mutual declaration of marriage, to be exchanged in the presence of witnesses. Gretna Green was selected by runaway couples simply because it was the first place they came to over the border. The declaration was usually made in the presence of the village blacksmith, who was no more necessary than any other authority which imposed on the credulity of the Southrons. In order to discourage such marriages, the Scottish law was in some measure assimilated to the English, it being enacted that one of the parties must have resided in Scotland at least 21 days prior to the ceremony.

E. T. C.—For "pot pourri" or "sweet jars," use a deep jar with a cover. Three handfuls of fresh, sweet scented rose leaves, three of sweet pinks, three of wall-flowers and stock gilly-flowers and equal proportions of any other strong fragrant flowers you can procure. Place them in the jar in layers, strewing powdered orris root thickly between the layers. You may fill another jar with equal quantities of fresh lavender, marjoram, rosemary, lemon-thyme, balm of Gilead, lemon peel and smaller quantities of laurel leaves, and mint and some sliced orris root. You may mix with the herbs, which must all be chopped, powdered cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, strewing powdered orris root between the layers. Flowers, herbs and spice may all be mixed in the same jar, always adding powdered orris root. Everything that is used should be perfectly free from damp. The jar should be kept closely covered, except when the cover is occasionally removed for the purpose of diffusing the perfume through the room. This is an old English receipt.